

The Sketch



C. HENTSCHEL '99

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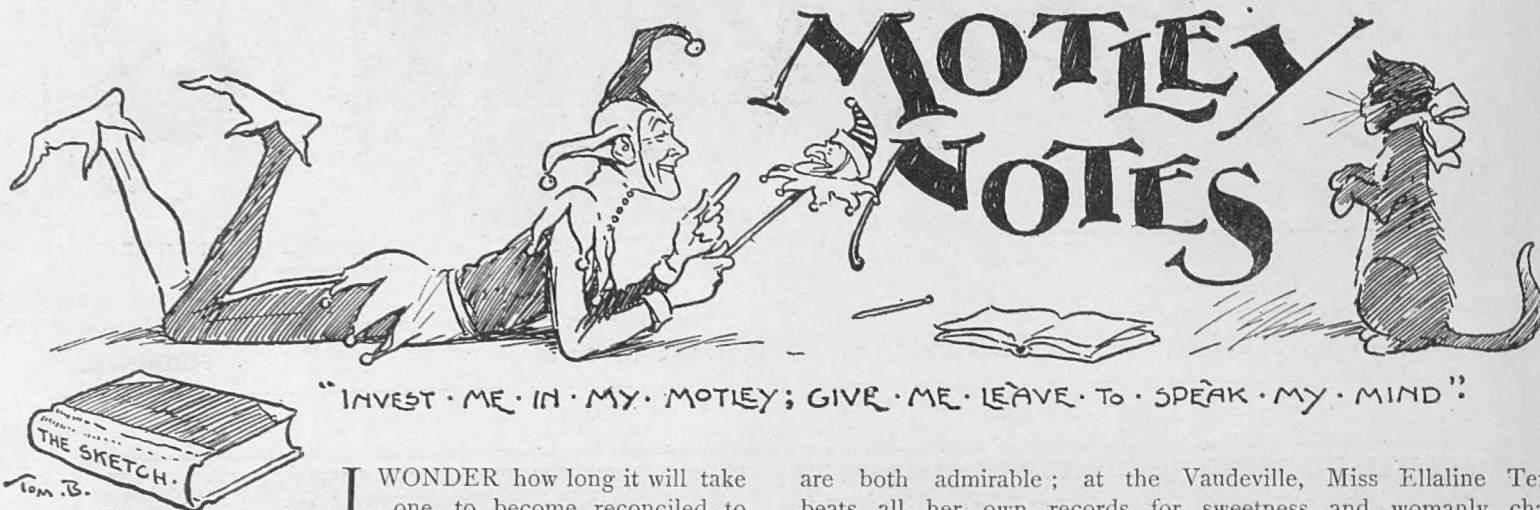
SIXPENCE.



MADAME ELLA RUSSELL, ONE OF THE PRINCIPALS AT THE SHEFFIELD FESTIVAL.

(SER "KEY-NOTES.")

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



I WONDER how long it will take one to become reconciled to the fact that nearly all of the plays produced in London and nearly all of the books published in London are, to put it gently, of second-rate quality? Most of us, I suppose, know that it is so, and yet we fight, fight, fight against the horrid fact with an obstinate courage that is as British as it is misguided. In America, that much more enlightened country, they have long ago recognised the terrible truth and made up their minds to it. That is why we get glowing accounts of successful plays and successful novels that, when submitted to the cruel test of English optimism, turn out to be such disheartening rubbish. And yet, you know, it would be difficult to say that theirs is the better way. An ounce of pluck, after all, is better than a pound of resignation, and so, in spite of all, I shall go on expecting that the one English dramatist and the one English author will, sooner or later, be born unto us. In the meantime, we must be thankful for our crumbs in the study and our bones in the playhouse. Even when the worst comes to the worst, it is always possible to read a translation or witness an adaptation.

I am moved to make these unpatriotic remarks because, during the course of last week, I was let in—thanks to those amazing gentlemen, the Dramatic Critics—for two bitter disappointments. The first was the drama at Drury Lane. They had told me, gushingly, that it was immense, and I, pitifully enough, believed them. They had told me that it was the finest drama that had been seen at the Lane for years and years; and I, optimistic as ever, believed them. I went to see the piece with a bounding heart and a sparkling eye; I came away with a weary step and a feeble pulse. I went to see what Mr. Cecil Raleigh could do when Mr. Collins gave him his head; I came away regretting that Mr. Collins had not applied the curb and so prevented an accident. Mind you, I was not asking for dramatic literature or anything impossible of that kind; all I expected was Drury Lane drama of the sort that we all know and by which, despite our hunched shoulders, we are all willing to be convinced. But, alas! My author refused to convince me, help him as I would. He gave me a hero who was less than half a hero; an Oxford "blue" who clutched at his collar and walked, like Agag, delicately; a heroine who was not kissed at the end of the play. Small wonder that I writhed in my seat and cursed those naughty fellows, the Dramatic Critics.

But a worse disappointment was in store for me at the Vaudeville. Mr. Cecil Raleigh, after all, one knew; Mr. Barrie, on the other hand, had always been, and still is, full of delightful possibilities. I have raved about Barrie. I have declared, in quite stodgy places, that he was the Messiah of the stage. Imagine my feelings, then, when I visited "Quality Street" and found it meagre, trivial, unworthy. The first Act, I admit, was wholly delightful; there is no other word for it. Even now, after all my regrets, I am glad to think that the first Act of "Quality Street" was pure Barrie. The second Act? Well, the second Act temporised. One laughed, and so forgave the author for not getting along with his scheme. But it was the third Act that chilled me, bored me, almost insulted me. Always I was waiting for something to happen; nothing happened. And the last Act was a mere toying with the inevitable. "What a pity!" That was the feeling uppermost in my mind as I left the theatre. But I shall not despair of my Barrie even now; I shall go on remembering his "Tommy and Grizel" and the second Act of "The Wedding Guest," and wait patiently until my expectations are fulfilled.

Even theatrical clouds have silver linings, and in each of these plays I was glad to find a certain number of parts exceedingly well acted. At Drury Lane, for instance, Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Sydney Valentine

are both admirable; at the Vaudeville, Miss Ellaline Terriss beats all her own records for sweetness and womanly charm, Miss Marion Terry gives a quite perfect performance as the long-suffering, elder sister, and Miss Rosina Filippi plays the part of Patty, the much-indulged, wholly devoted servant, to perfection. Mr. Seymour Hicks is better in his humorous than in his pathetic scenes; he is restrained throughout, however, and this is a change to be welcomed. The "Blue and White Room," by Mr. W. Harford, is enchanting.

With regard to "The Eternal City," I enjoyed it immensely. True, I hadn't the remotest idea what the story was all about; but, then, so long as Mr. Tree went on appearing in Coronation uniforms, and striking Madame Tussaud attitudes, the story didn't seem to matter. My neighbours, too, were having a lovely time of it. None so dull but he could poke fun at the dialogue or quip a merry jest about the telephone. I have never seen the stalls enjoy themselves quite so much. They talked aloud, and guffawed, and threw themselves back in their seats with the most impressive airs of assured superiority. One gentleman rather overdid the thing and had to be removed, but the rest of us were wedged in so tightly that we knew we were perfectly safe so far as the attendants went. For a serious criticism of the play and the players, I must refer you to my friend "Monocle," who understands all about these things. My only desire is to assure you that you will not be bored at His Majesty's if you approach the piece in the right spirit.

If I go again, it will be for the purpose of seeing the lovely Miss Constance Collier and her lovely dresses. I haven't the least idea how many dresses Miss Collier wore, but I know that she never wore the same one twice. As far as I can remember, ladies in real life have sometimes been caught wearing the same dress twice, but I suppose it would never do to commit such a solecism on the stage. Anyhow, I never saw a leading lady appear twice in one evening in the same dress. When you come to think of it, an actress might establish quite a reputation by doing a simple little thing of that sort. Imagine the disgust of the dear people whose business it is to attend dress-rehearsals and write up the dresses. "Miss Mary Smith," one can see them writing, "had the ill taste to appear in the second Act in the very same frock that she wore in the first. Granted that there was no lapse of time between the two Acts, it is yet showing a contempt for the public to treat them in so shabby a way." And then Miss Mary Smith and her one miserable frock would at once become the talk of playgoing London.

I have been reading "Three Men," by Maxim Gorky, and I frankly admit that I am Gorky mad. For realism, he vies with Zola; for pathos, humour, poetic feeling, natural dialogue, he more than holds his own with any of our English authors. His writing is so fascinating that it almost terrifies; he seems to stretch out his long tentacles and draw you down, and down, and down until you reach the bottom of the pit of human suffering and human misery. And then you travel with him along that gloomy path until the blood rushes to your brain and your reason begins to get distorted and you shut the book with something like a shudder. It is absurd to attempt extracts, but here is Gorky's description of a consumptive lad who was forced by his father to serve behind a bar from morning to night: "His forehead was wet with perspiration, his cheeks yellow, with red patches. He grasped Ilya's hand and shook it, coughing at the same time, a harsh, dry cough. . . . Jakov's shoulders were bowed, and he looked as if he had grown smaller." Very horrible, very revolting, but a page, remember, torn ruthlessly from the diary of the author's own life. Open the book haphazard, and you will find some such picture in every chapter.

Chicot



PRODUCTION OF "THE ETERNAL CITY" AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Little King of Spain—His Capture of a Carlist Stronghold—The Boer Generals and the Kaiser—The Uniform of the Westmorland and Cumberland Hussars.

SINCE the little Queen of Holland stepped as a young girl upon her throne there has been no such interesting figure upon that Royal stage where Kings and Queens play their parts as the boy King of Spain, who has already shown a great deal of character and has, during the past few months, become immensely popular with his Army and gained a pacific victory in one of the great Carlist strongholds. One of His Majesty's first actions after his Coronation was to take a leaf out of the Kaiser's book and to suddenly "turn out" the whole garrison of Madrid, eventually marching the regiments back to their barracks, he himself riding at the head of the troops. This scandalised the whole Court, the Captain-General and all the Generals. If a King of Spain wished to see the regiments in his capital, it was quite in order for him to acquaint one of the high officers in personal attendance on him of the fact, who would then communicate with a Court official, who would transmit the King's desire to the Captain-General, who, in due course, would inform the General commanding the garrison, who would issue an order to the Colonels to parade their regiments; but that His Majesty should ride on to a parade-ground and order a bugler to sound the "Assembly" and "The Double" when the Captain-General might be away shooting, and the General might be taking a siesta, and the Colonel might be at a fencing-school, and the officers all playing "tresillo" at the Casino, was an unheard-of thing and enough to make all his ancestors turn in their graves. He has not repeated this surprise visit on a large scale, but at San Sebastian he rides nearly every day to the butts to watch the two regiments of the garrison, the Sicilia and Valencia regiments, shooting, presents a gold watch and two silver ones to the men who make the highest scores during the afternoon, and then rides at the head of the column as it marches home. The rank-and-file of the Army have been very quick to appreciate that the little King has strong soldierly tastes, and, instead of being nicknamed "Alfonso the Rabbit," as His Majesty prophesied he would be, owing to his almost daily drive to a country mansion near Madrid to shoot the coveys, it seems more likely that he will go down to posterity under the more imposing name of "Alfonso the Soldier."

The capture of a Carlist stronghold was a very tactful affair, carried out by the King on his own initiative and in his own way. When the Carlists fought against the Royal forces, the head-dress of the former was the "boïna," the cap of the Northern provinces, shaped like a painter's "beret." In the little hill-village which Don Carlos made his headquarters is a manufactory of these "boïnas," and the proprietor was—for he is no longer—a very prominent Carlist. The King declared that he must have a "boïna," and must see it manufactured. With the Prince of the Asturias and two of the Princesses, he made a journey up into the mountains, went over the manufactory, accepted a "boïna" for himself and another for the Prince, made a gift of money to the workmen, and travelled back to San Sebastian, leaving a most excellent impression behind him. The proprietor of the manufactory was so enchanted by the King's amiability that he has changed his allegiance, is a Carlist no longer, and is about to proceed to San Sebastian with a present of two

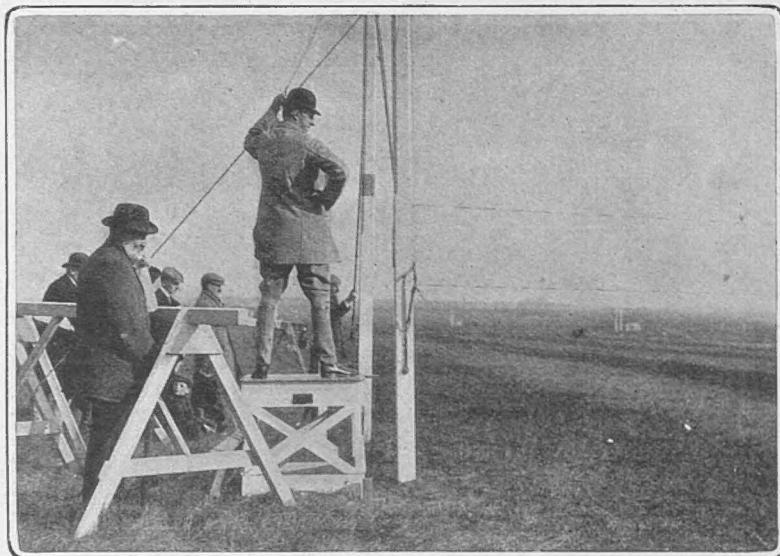
specially embroidered "boïnas" which he will present to the King, assuring him at the same time of his loyalty.

I am not sure that the Silly Season should not be re-christened the "Disagreeable Season," for when there is "nothing in the papers" in England and France and Germany, each nation begins to pick holes in the conduct of its neighbours. M. Zola's death has brought out in England another mild attack of Dreyfus fever, and we have told our flighty friends on the other side of the Channel a few disagreeable home-truths; but the Germans are the particular people on whom we have our eyes just now, and for a week past we have been informing them how they ought to behave when the Boer Generals visit Berlin, and for another fortnight we shall continue our lecture. Whether the Kaiser will or will not receive the trio of coin-collecting Anglo-Dutch from the Cape is, I venture to think, not a matter of the first importance; but if His Majesty does grant them an interview—and the keenest soldier of the day is likely to be anxious to chat with De Wet, the finest leader of irregular mounted men the last fifty years have produced—I venture to predict that every diplomatic courtesy will have been observed in informing the British Government of his intention and learning that there is no objection, and that the Generals will hear from his lips some very sound and straightforward advice as to loyalty to their new Sovereign and plain dealing with the Government under which they and their people have to live in the future.

I am told, on the very best authority, that I was incorrect in writing that Lord Lonsdale invented the very gorgeous full-dress uniform of the officers of the Westmorland and Cumberland Hussars, his regiment of Yeomanry. The dress, with the exception of the busby, is identical with the uniform of the 10th and 7th Hussars up to the year 1828, when the Hussar kit was simplified. Lord Lonsdale's grandfather, who was then in the regiment, applied for leave to use the discarded uniform, and this application was granted, the admirable service he had done in the Peninsula, as a Hussar, being the reason for the grant of the distinction.

The gentlemen of Westmorland are proud of their Hussars and their uniform and the little history attached to it, and the dress is such a handsome one, and so interesting as a survival of Peninsula days—as are the uniforms of the Gloucestershire and Yorkshire and Devonshire Hussars—that I trust it may for ever escape the shears of the

reformers, and that the Earl of Lonsdale, though he did not invent it, may long live to wear it at the head of his merry men.



NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING: MR. HUGH OWEN, WHO STARTED THE RACES.



COLONEL H. McCALMONT'S RISING GLASS, WINNER OF THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES (£10,000).

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

Although the attendance at Newmarket last Thursday did not, perhaps, show any perceptible increase on that of the two preceding days, the race for the Jockey Club Stakes drew thousands of the more regular habitués of the Turf and the patrons of Tattersall's Ring. Templemore (8 st. 7 lb.) was first favourite, followed by Rising Glass (8 st. 13 lb.) and Ice Maiden (8 st. 7 lb.), Ard Patrick (9 st. 5 lb.) coming fourth in the betting. In the end, the race resolved itself into a duel between Templemore and Rising Glass, the latter, however, winning easily by three lengths, Ard Patrick being third, five lengths behind. Rising Glass, by Isinglass—Hautesse, is owned by that popular sportsman, Colonel H. McCalmont, and it is a rather curious fact that his sire was the winner of the same race in its inaugural year. Mr. Hugh Owen, who started the races at the meeting, had very little trouble on this occasion.



MISS KATE SERGEANTSON AS LADY MARY NOWELL IN "CHANCE, THE IDOL,"
AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Fellows Willson, New Bond Street, W.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have forwarded interesting photographs for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written clearly on the back of each portrait and view submitted.

"CAPTAIN MACKLIN."

WHEN a youth of two- or three-and-twenty, expelled from a Military College for an absurdly trivial breach of rules, girds on his grandfather's presentation-sword, consults the papers for tidings of a convenient war, and decides to follow the General of a Foreign Legion engaged in assisting an ex-President, rebel leader in Central America, it does not require the penetration of a Fouché to foresee that his strategical genius will be speedily recognised, that he will be promoted with the preposterous suddenness proper to such undertakings, that he will perform prodigies of valour, and that he will eventually return home with, at least, a moderately whole skin. Mr. Richard Harding Davis, in his romance entitled "Captain Macklin" (Heinemann), has not departed from tradition. Royal Macklin, after a daring denunciation of the wanton disregard of the A B C of campaigning amongst General Laguerre's Foreign Legion in a swamp in Honduras, is dubbed Captain and assigned a troop. From that moment he is a Great Man and a Great Leader of Men, and his dashing bravery would have made him a boon-companion of the immortal Musketeers, an American D'Artagnan. When the local saying that "he who takes Pecachua sleeps in the Palace" is justified for who knows the how many dozenth time, he even becomes Vice-President, Minister of War, and Provost-Marshal, positions soon lost with the usual turn of the tide. Central America, where revolt is, apparently, the very breath of the native nostril, is an ideal situation for such a story, and the author has taken the fullest advantage of the scope afforded him: his book abounds in graphic pictures of the petty and somewhat opera-bouffe warfare typical of the country. The characters are all well sketched and ably maintained. Emphatically, a book to read.

MISS IDA PHIL-MORRIS.

MISS IDA PHIL-MORRIS, the charming young actress who takes the part of Frances Weldon in "Sporting Simpson" at the Royalty, is a daughter of Mr. Phil Morris, A.R.A., and sister of Miss Kate Sergeantson, the clever actress who is now playing a leading rôle in "Chance, the Idol," at Wyndham's. Miss Phil-Morris made her first appearance on the stage with Mr. Weedon Grossmith in "The Night of the Party," and it may be hoped that her engagement to Mr. Norman Tharp, the promising young "Chamberlain to the Pope" in "The Eternal City" at His Majesty's, will not result in her leaving the profession in which she has already made so many friends both on and off the stage.



MISS IDA PHIL-MORRIS.

Photograph by Langher, Old Bond Street, W.

Mouillot and Welton Dale, the Managers of the lovely new Tunbridge Wells playhouse, will open it with an extra-special performance of Mr. R. C. Carton's delightful comedy, "Liberty Hall."

"CROSSING THE BAR."

I regret that in the last number of *The Sketch* the writer of the memoir of Mr. John Lathey inadvertently infringed a copyright by quoting Lord Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" without permission from Messrs. Macmillan and Co. It should be clearly understood that all publishing rights of this poem are vested in the above-named firm.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King's Gallant Guests.

His Majesty entertained an interesting group of officers at Balmoral last week, and, with the kindly tact which is one of his most kingly qualities, singled out for special commendation those distinguished Scotsmen who fought in the late campaign. King Edward inherited his enthusiastic love of the Army and of things military from Queen Victoria, and among His Majesty's clearest impressions of boyhood is that of having accompanied his august mother to visit the Crimean wounded in the days when there was no fine and salubrious Netley prepared for their reception.

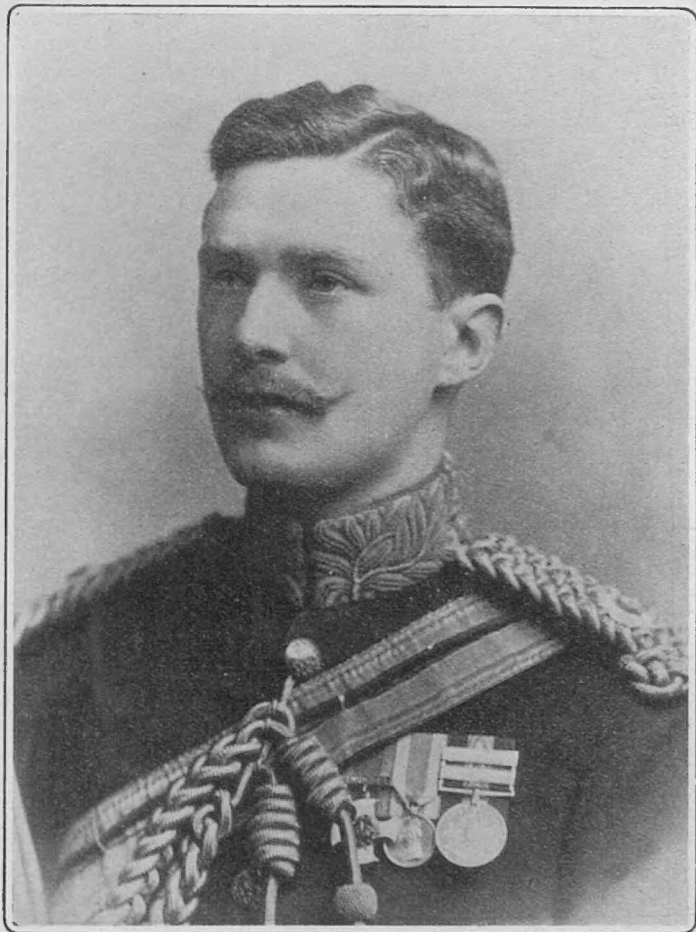
The King at Keele Hall.

The King's first private visit since the Coronation will be that to Keele Hall, where His Majesty's host and hostess, the Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby, have become exceedingly popular among their neighbours of every class and condition. The Grand Duke is, as all the world is aware, one of those romantic Royal personages who rightly consider the world well lost for love. Hismorganatic marriage has turned out an ideally happy one, and both King Edward and

will suffer, for all the especially "smart" contingent intend to be present—if not at the actual Durbar, then at the many special functions connected with it, of which the most important will be a Costume Ball reproducing the splendid uniforms and quaint Directoire dresses worn by the beaux and belles of Calcutta and Bombay in the year 1802. Some of the frocks which will be worn at this unique ball are already ordered, and the wonderful effects obtained may bring once more into general fashion the fancy-dress balls which were once so popular in French and English Society.

The Marquis of Tullibardine.

Few officers have better served King and country in South Africa than the Marquis of Tullibardine, the eldest surviving son of the Duke of Atholl, and he has deservedly been signally honoured by His Majesty, for during his recent stay at Balmoral he was decorated by the King with the Royal Victorian Order (Fourth Class), and after the "deer dance" by torchlight in front of the Castle, in which the Marquis took part, King Edward called for a toast in his honour and expressed the pleasure it gave him to see the gallant young soldier home from "the Front" safe



THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF TULLIBARDINE.

Photographs by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

Queen Alexandra have shown him and his beautiful young wife every kindness. It is a curious fact that the Danish Royal Family, almost alone among European Royalties, has never acquired the habit of contractingmorganatic alliances. King Christian counts only Royal personages among his many descendants.

The King's Procession.

On the South side of the Thames they are setting to work with a will over the decorations for the King's Procession at the end of this month. A splendid triumphal arch is going to be erected by the Freemasons across the Borough Road, and this is only as it should be, considering what a marvellous impetus the King has given to the craft by his many years' Grand Mastership. Another fine arch will be put up in St. George's Circus, which is one of the most remarkable open places in London, though it is almost unknown to the majority of Londoners. Many of the seats which were erected in June last have never been taken down, and the Surrey side is preparing for a grand day of welcome to the King and Queen.

The Great Durbar.

The Coronation Durbar is evidently going to be the one overshadowing social and political event of the coming winter, and the Viceroy and Lady Curzon will act as host and hostess to perhaps the most wonderful gathering ever brought together in one place and at one time. Of course, London Society

and well. The Marquis has had a stirring military career, for, though not yet thirty-two, he served in the Nile Expedition of 1898, being mentioned twice in despatches and gaining the "D.S.O." and two medals, and in the earlier period of the South African campaign he greatly distinguished himself, being again twice mentioned and promoted. Later, he raised and commanded the Scottish Horse, a corps which did splendid work and suffered heavily in killed and wounded. The Marquis rejoins his regiment, the "Blues," at the end of the month, and will doubtless receive a warm welcome, for his gallantry in South Africa has enhanced his popularity in that famous Household Corps. The beautiful Marchioness of Tullibardine, whose wedding took place some three years ago, is a daughter of Sir James Henry Ramsay of Bamff, tenth Baronet, by his second marriage, her mother being a daughter of the late Mr. William Stewart of Ardvorlich.

A New Engagement.

It is still persistently rumoured that the autumn of Coronation Year will see one of our greatest bachelor soldiers if not actually led to the altar, at least engaged to be so led; but up to the present time there is no such important event to chronicle. There are, however, several new engagements, of which the most interesting to Society is that of Mr. Cuthbert Lambton to Miss Winifred Edwardes, the sister of Lord Kensington. The bridegroom-elect is a son of Colonel and Lady Victoria Lambton and a nephew of Lord Cawdor.

Old Ireland for Ever!

The Dublin Autumn Season is opening brilliantly, and already there are signs that Lord and Lady Dudley may hope for exceptional popularity. The warm-hearted Irish people have a great admiration for beauty, and the young Vice-Queen's almost girlish loveliness will stand her in good stead. The fact that the Court was in mourning (for the Queen of the Belgians) when the State entry into Dublin took place naturally robbed the pretty scene of some of its brilliancy, but Lady Dudley's white costume suited her to perfection, and already she has placed several orders with leading Dublin houses, and she is as fond of lace as was Lady Cadogan.

New Viceregal Beauties.

Quite a galaxy of beauty accompanied Lord Dudley on his arrival at Dublin Castle. In addition to the Vice-Queen, who is almost as dark as is Georgiana, Lady Dudley, the beauties of the new Viceregal Court will be Lady Evelyn Ward, one of Lord Erne's daughters, Lady Lurgan, the daughter of the outgoing Lord-Lieutenant, Lady Plunket, the accomplished daughter of the late Lord Dufferin, Lady Lytton, who is still regarded as a bride, and last, not least, Lady Grosvenor, on whose lovely, kind countenance the passage of years seems to leave no trace, in spite of the fact that she has two grandchildren.

Sir Robert Finlay deserved the Freedom of Nairn which he received last week. Nairn is one of the burghs that he represents; he spends the greater part of the recess there, and he has assisted to make its golf-links popular. It has, indeed, become quite a fashionable resort. Sir Robert Finlay was a thorn in Mr. Gladstone's back during the first Home Rule struggle. He sat almost immediately behind the Liberal Leader and made strong speeches against his policy. In those days, Sir Robert was a great Parliamentarian, but more recently he has sunk the Parliamentarian in the lawyer. As a law officer, he has been a special favourite of the present Prime Minister, by whom he is held in high esteem.

Lord Cranbrook, who has just entered on his eighty-ninth year, ousted Mr. Gladstone from the representation of Oxford University in 1865, and was looked upon as a probable Leader of the Conservative Party. The country squires in Parliament had a particularly high opinion of Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, who was a vigorous debater. He held office under three Prime Ministers—Lord Derby, Lord Beaconsfield, and Lord Salisbury. When Lord Beaconsfield died, he was supposed to be in the running for the Leadership of the Conservative Peers, among whom he had taken his place, but Lord Salisbury's claims were not contested. In recent years Lord Cranbrook has spoken very rarely, but on important occasions he sits with other veterans on the second Conservative bench.

A Great Duke.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, with whom the Prince of Wales has been staying at Gordon Castle, in Banffshire, is one of the oldest servants of the Crown. He held high office as long ago as 1859. Few people know or remember that he was at one time the Leader of the House of Lords. For

several years he led the Conservative Peers in opposition, and he led them in office from 1874 till Mr. Disraeli went to the Upper House. It was he who introduced the Bill by which Church Patronage was abolished north of the Tweed, and eleven years later he became the first Secretary for Scotland. The Duke of Richmond was a favourite of Queen Victoria, who consulted him on critical occasions. He is a link with the past, for he was Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Wellington sixty years ago.

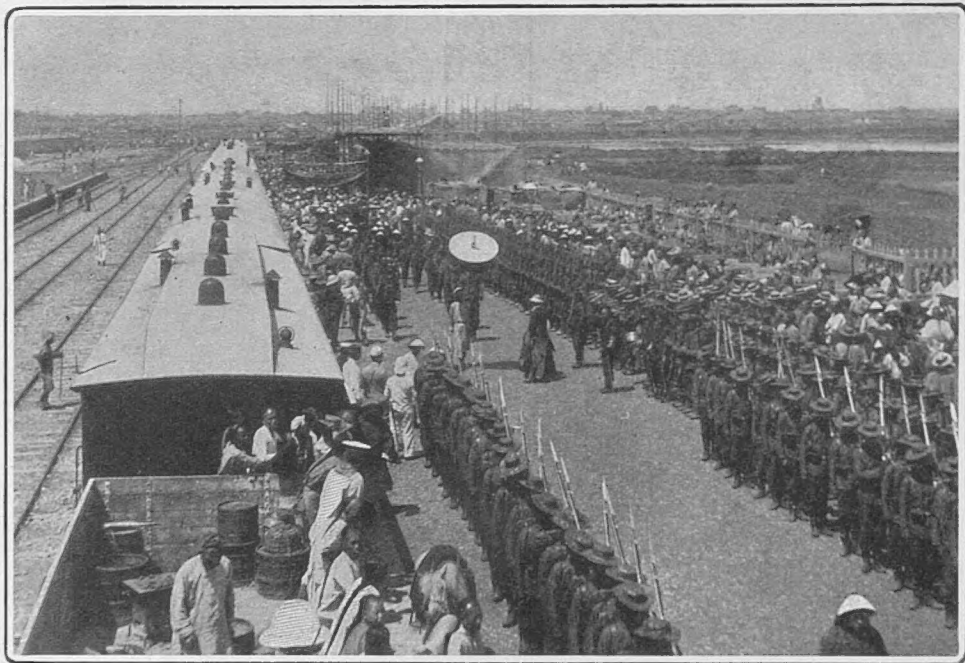
The Restoration of Tientsin to China.

The formal restoration of Tientsin to China by the Provisional Government which has filled so unique a place in the history of Northern China during the last two years was made the occasion of quite an imposing display. The Viceroy, Yuan Shih-Kai, a rather short and stout man, with, for an Oriental, a noticeably pleasant and expressive face, came from Peking by special train, accompanied by

sundry officials, servants, followers, and a guard of native soldiery befitting his rank. On the arrival-platform was erected a large mat-shed pavilion, hung with crimson cloth and ornamented in blue, yellow, and red. Before this the brightly clothed native officials, together with Colonel O'Sullivan and Major von Falkenhayn, chief Staff Officers of the British and German Contingents, and others connected with the past or present Administration, awaited the coming ruler of the Province. Also in attendance were detachments of Yuan Shih-Kai's troops, and of T.P.G. Police, forming guards-of-honour. The Viceroy was greeted on alighting with the firing of a somewhat spasmodic salute and the playing of a native air by the Chinese band, while the umbrella, mace, and banner bearers, with the rest of the retinue, held aloft their respective paraphernalia. Then, after a momentary pause in the pavilion, His Excellency entered the sedan-chair in waiting, and, escorted by a body of horsemen and footmen, was borne to the headquarters of General Lefevre, commanding the French Corps d'Occupation. He acknowledged the bows of the foreigners present with marked politeness and expressed pleasure at his reception.



THE RESTORATION OF TIENSIN TO CHINA: THE VICEROY'S SPECIAL TRAIN

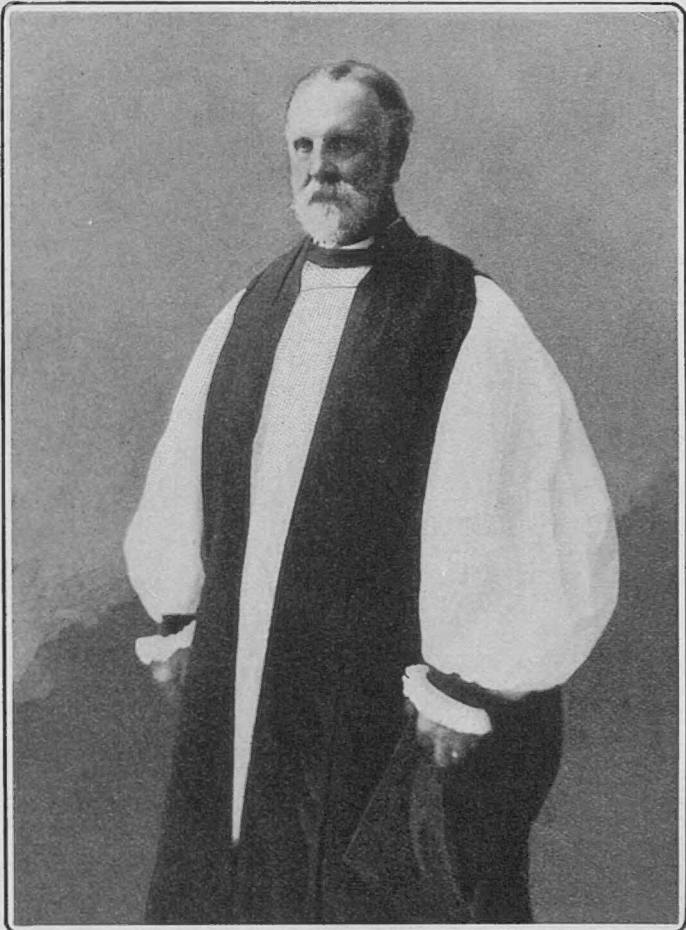


THE PROCESSION: THE VICEROY'S CHAIR IS SEEN IN THE DISTANCE.

There is a farmer in Maine, U.S.A., who labours under the idea that he is legally King of England, because he claims to be descended from Earl Warrenne, who married Gundreda, daughter of William of Normandy. Unfortunately for the excellent farmer, the paternity of Gundreda is a very doubtful point. Ordericus Vitalis states that she was the sister of Gherbod, Earl of Chester, and many historians consider that this statement is sustained by unimpeachable evidence. But even if this lady had been the daughter of William I., the descendants of Henry I. would have a prior right to the children of Gundreda, and as, in addition to the Royal Family, most of the other nobility and of the ancient untitled families of England can trace descent from Henry I., the claims of the American farmer, even supposing all his statements to be true, would be absolutely futile and shadowy. Genealogies as made in England are often queer enough, but as they are manufactured in the United States they are indeed fearful and wonderful things.

The Bishop of Peterborough.

The Honourable and Right Reverend Edward Carr Glyn, twenty-eighth Bishop of Peterborough, is nominal but not acting President of the Church Congress. He is still suffering from the effects of his fall from a horse, and, though his stay at Walmer Castle is stated to have greatly benefited his health, he is not likely, if he follows the advice of his doctors, to take any active part in the duties entailed by his position in the Church until next Easter. Meantime, the Bishop of Leicester takes his place at the Congress. The Bishop of Peterborough, who was born in 1843, the eighth son of the first Lord Wolverton and Marion, daughter of Pascoe Grenfell, M.P., has had considerable experience in ministry, being ordained in 1868. He has been Curate of Doncaster under Dr. Vaughan, Domestic Chaplain to the Archbishop of York, Vicar of St. Mary, Beverley, of Doncaster, and of Kensington. In 1881 he was appointed Honorary Chaplain to Queen Victoria, and three years later Chaplain-in-Ordinary, while in 1891 he acted as Proctor for the clergy of London in the Convocation of Canterbury.



THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH, PRESIDENT OF THIS YEAR'S CHURCH CONGRESS.

Photograph by A. F. Healey, Peterborough.

He has held the See of Peterborough since 1897. The Suffragan Bishop of Leicester, by the way, has just handed his resignation to the Bishop of Peterborough.

A Historic Mansion.

Bosworth Park, the beautiful country seat so long associated with the name of Dixie, is situated about a mile from Market Bosworth, on the Warwickshire side of Leicestershire, and not far from the famous battlefield of Bosworth Field. The house itself dates from the fourteenth century, and, though various alterations have been made since its erection, the main structure remains substantially the same. Among its most interesting features are the fine old hall and a remarkably beautiful oak staircase, which ascends from the bottom corridor to the first floor, and is divided into three distinct landings, the balustrade at each being surmounted by a vase carved in oak. Bosworth Hall contains much to interest the antiquarian and curio-lover, the magnificent collection of rare old china and pewter being almost unique. On its walls hang paintings by Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough, and there are also some exquisite Cosway miniatures. The picturesque park of several hundred acres is studded with miniature lakes which provide good trout-fishing, and is well stocked with red and fallow deer; the latter herd is a particularly pure breed. The church which stands in the grounds dates from the twelfth century.

Its Former Owners.

The Manor of Bosworth belonged in ancient times to the Earls of Leicester, and from them passed by marriage into the Harcourt family, who held it for three hundred years. It then came to Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and upon the attainder of his son, Henry, Duke of Suffolk, in 1554, was granted by Queen Mary to Edward, Lord Hastings of Loughborough. Lord Hastings devised Bosworth to his nephew, the Earl of Huntingdon, who sold it to Sir Wolstan Dixie, knight, citizen, and Lord Mayor of London, in whose family it remained for another three hundred years. Sir Wolstan came of an old Huntingdonshire stock and was born at Catworth in 1525. Going to London to seek his fortune, he was apprenticed to Sir Christopher Draper (Lord Mayor in 1566), of the Ironmongers' Company, whose daughter he afterwards married. Sir Wolstan soon made his way in



LORD DONOUGHMORE.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

London, where he accumulated immense wealth and became Lord Mayor. His generosity was boundless; indeed, it would be impossible to give even an outline of all he did in the cause of charity and to promote learning. He founded and endowed a Grammar School at Market Bosworth, and Scholarships and Fellowships at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. He also enriched Christ's Hospital, and gave large sums to various hospitals and to the poor of certain parishes. His bequests to Emmanuel College are commemorated in the Dixie Professorship. Sir Wolstan died in 1594 and was buried at St. Michael Bassishaw. He left most of his estates to his brother, but Bosworth he devised to his great-nephew, another Sir Wolstan. For his ardent loyalty to Charles I., a third Sir Wolstan received the reward of a baronetcy at the Restoration, and his lineal descendant, the eleventh Baronet, now holds the title. The present owners of Bosworth Park acquired the property some seventeen years ago.

A Versatile Peer.

Lord Donoughmore is one of the cleverest and most versatile of youthful Irish Peers. Though only twenty-seven years of age, the chief of the Hely-Hutchinson family has seen not a little of the world, for during three years he acted as private secretary at Hong-Kong of Sir Henry Blake. Since he succeeded to his Earldom, Lord Donoughmore has married a charming American who is likely to prove a most popular addition to the already large group of Transatlantic Peeresses.

Émile Zola.

I had the pleasure (says a correspondent) of meeting Émile Zola in Paris, some years before the "affaire," and our interview left a lasting impression on my mind. The man comes back to me as I write: grave, earnest, strenuous, it was



BOSWORTH HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE, THE ANCIENT HOME OF THE DIXIES.

impossible to mistake his serious intent. He spoke briefly upon two subjects very near his heart—realism in art and regularity in labour. In connection with the latter subject, he confessed that work was not always easy to him. "Sometimes," he said, "the effort is immense. I find myself harassed by many problems, uncertain in my health, temporarily unfit for the task; but I never allow myself to depart from my customs, and the knowledge of a task accomplished does a great deal to restore me." I had a strong feeling that the eminent novelist had never quite outworn the impressions that he formed when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb, that some of the physical results of his privations remained. Of his claim to be considered a genuine artist there can be no dispute. To be in his company and hear him talk was quite sufficient for the most sceptical, and to denounce him for the ugliness of the pictures he painted is no less foolish than to reproach a surgeon for the unpleasant nature of some operation he is called upon to perform. Émile Zola gave me the impression of a great man—one who would have been successful in any walk of life that required sound judgment, complete rectitude, and a capacity for the most painstaking work.

The wife, or rather, the widow, of the late Émile Zola is curiously little known in French literary society. Unlike Madame Alphonse Daudet, whose charming personality was in no wise overshadowed by that of her famous husband, Madame Zola's identity seemed merged in that of the extraordinary man whose name she bore for thirty years. She lately confided to a friend a pathetic little fact, namely, that she had never so enjoyed a week as that spent by her and Zola in London during the autumn of 1893. "I did not then feel," she observed, "that we were being looked at as curious, abnormal creatures; everyone seemed to think us quite ordinary people, and my husband an ordinary great writer." Madame Zola never really recovered the early years of keen privation which she and her husband endured while he was writing his early unsuccessful books—that is, during the period which followed his first attempts to gain a hearing. She was an admirable housewife, and made her husband exceedingly comfortable—indeed, their dinners were famous; but she did not, so far at least as any of his friends were aware, take any part in preparing the elaborate foundations on which Zola built up, as it were, each of his later novels.

Press Amateurs. The approach of the opening day of any special form of sport plays sad havoc with the amateurs of the Press. Shooting is their great stumbling-block. I chanced upon a halfpenny paper the other morning, and it had a few paragraphs with an attractive head-line. I read about pheasant-shooting prospects with some amusement, for the writer, after dealing with West Country conditions in rather vague fashion, proceeded to quote the market price of grouse and partridge, quite forgetful of his head-line's promise. The gem among the paragraphs was a statement to the effect that, in consequence of the season's prospects, certain tenants of moderate preserves would give their coverts "one or two days' rest every week." In a considerable sporting experience I have yet to find the sportsman who shoots his coverts every day, or even four days a week, and I

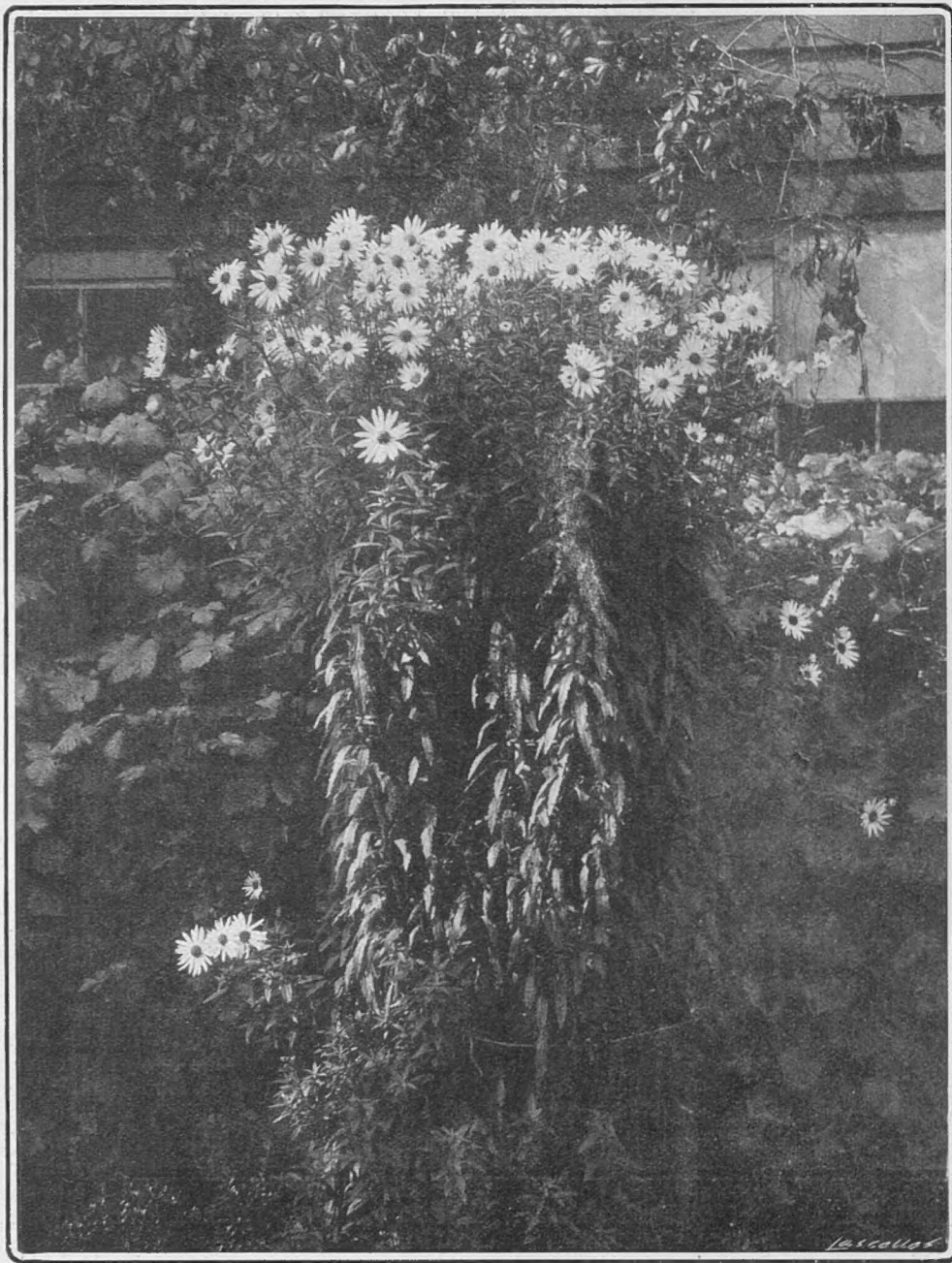
should like to know what sort of sport he would get if he tried this peculiar procedure. The writer should have kept to his market prices of partridge and grouse. Leadenhall would have sufficed him for this part of his sporting knowledge. It is impossible to write about pheasants if your experience of them is limited to casual surveys of a poulterer's shop-window.

A Double Event. I note with interest that a young sportsman has just succeeded in stalking a stag and killing a salmon in one day. The stag was stalked in Mar Forest and the salmon killed in a neighbouring river. At first sight, the accomplishment does not seem difficult, but, in point of fact, the man who has had a hard deer-stalk must be in very fine condition if he is able to undertake a further task. There are occasions when the stalk is an easy one, but these are few and far between, and six or seven hours' hard work may be required before the deer-stalker can take the rifle

from his attendant and get his chance. When the stag is dead, the first real knowledge of his own fatigue comes to the stalker, and not infrequently he is only fit to get back to the lodge as quickly as possible. To go straight away and have a trial of skill with a strong, wary salmon would be too much for most men. The record sporting achievement was accomplished a few years ago by a Yorkshireman on one of the western islands of Scotland. Not only did he stalk a deer and kill a salmon, but on the same day he shot a seal and a grouse. The islands and certain parts of the coast are the only places where such a feat is possible, and it represents the high-water mark of achievement in sport, a triumph for hand and eye that can be appreciated only by the comparative few who understand how the surroundings vary and how the ability to kill one sort of game is not enough to enable the sportsman to deal successfully with another.

A Church Conference does not provide much that is interesting reading to the general public, but the Conference of the Church of Ireland at Limerick has yielded at least one paper that will be read with interest by all classes. I refer to

the Dean of Hereford's attack upon the modern gambling mania. The denunciation is not, perhaps, very startling or novel, but the facts and figures are. The Dean stated that twenty thousand pounds had changed hands over one game of football in the North of England on an occasion when there was a free-fight between some of the roughs present "and the referee went in danger of his life." To those of us who have noted the apparent financial status of the average attendant at a North Country football match the statement seems rather daring, but it is clear that the Dean did not overstate his case. He says that in one year the Casino authorities at Monte Carlo made a hundred thousand pounds profit. If the Company that runs Monte Carlo made no more than that sum in a year from its roulette and trente-et-quarante tables, it would be compelled to close its doors or get some modification of the stringent lease granted by the Prince of Monaco. Perhaps the Dean of Hereford was thinking of net profit after the Prince's subsidy had been paid and the stipulated amount had been spent on the town. Visitors to the Monte Carlo Casino must leave more than one hundred thousand pounds behind them.



MICHAELMAS DAISIES.

Photograph by J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.

Mr. Wilson Barrett. I feel sure that my readers will be pleased with the photograph of Mr. Wilson Barrett reproduced herewith, as it shows conclusively that the popular actor has completely recovered from the serious illness he suffered from in South Africa. Mr. Barrett on Monday last started a short provincial tour at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Birmingham, supported by Miss Lillah McCarthy and his London Company, and later on he will produce at Bristol his new "Alfred the Great" play, "The Christian King." At the conclusion of his tour Mr. Barrett will open a season in town, and will doubtless receive a warm welcome from his many friends and admirers.

Mr. William Rignold. Those playgoers whose memory takes them back to the days when handsome William Rignold was drawing all London to see him as Gouget in "Drink" or as Jacques in "The Two Orphans" will be sincerely sorry to learn of the terrible affliction which has befallen him, in the total loss of his sight, for Sir Anderson Critchett, the eminent oculist, gives no hope of his ever recovering the use of his eyes. Mr. Rignold bears his great affliction with admirable resignation, and even cheerfulness, as one might expect from his manly character; but he is naturally anxious to remain in the little Hornsey villa which has been his home so long, for the pathetic reason that he is able to find his way about as he could not do in strange rooms. A subscription list has been opened, to which Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Edward Ledger, Sir Squire Bancroft, Miss Louie Freear, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Paget, Mr. Robert Courtneidge, and several others have already sent generous

contributions, and all sums sent to Mr. Edward Ledger, at the *Era* Office, 49, Wellington Street, Strand, will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged in the columns of that paper.

Another motorrecord has to be chronicled. At the Crystal Palace the other day, F. W. Chase, a brother of the well-known rider, A. Chase, succeeded not only in lowering the time of the motor-cycle records from five miles to fifty inclusive, but also contrived to add to the longest distance previously covered

hands, something be done to remove the gold from the statue of the Prince? The gilding of the marble has always seemed to me an act approaching vandalism. Surely not even the most primitive country

"Chance, the Idol," which was to have been withdrawn from Wyndham's Theatre to make way for a revival of "David Garrick" last Saturday night, is now to start a fresh run instead. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's latest play has been much improved since the first-night. Although Sir Charles Wyndham has thus suddenly postponed the revival of "David Garrick," he will be in town next Sunday, in order to attend the congratulatory dinner to be given him on that night at the Criterion Grand Hall by the O.P. Club.

in the hour. His first mile was ridden in 1 min. 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.; 5 miles in 6 min. 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.; 10 miles in 13 min. 17 sec.; 15 miles in 20 min. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.; 20 miles in 26 min. 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.; 30 miles in 40 min. 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.; and 50 miles in 1 hour 15 min. 44 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec., beating the previous best by over seven minutes. In the hour he rode 44 miles 210 yards, rather less than two miles more than the former holder. Mr. Chase was mounted on a two and three-quarter horse-power machine.

What good such an exhibition can do, save act as an excellent advertisement for the reliability of the bicycle used, it is difficult to see; still, one cannot but admire, while deprecating its use in such instances, the wonderful self-control of a man who can thus ride at the rate of an express-train with the knowledge that a spill must result, if not in death, in, at least, a very serious injury.

Repairing the Albert Memorial.

The news that the Albert Memorial, like a good deal of London just now, was in splints caused a flutter in ultra-artistic circles. Unkind people, to whom the somewhat gaudy erection is professedly an eyesore, even expressed the hope that, in the rush for "improvements," it was to be removed to some less prominent position. As a matter of fact, some of the elaborate mosaic-work was found to need repair; hence the scaffolding. Could not, however, while it is under the decorator's



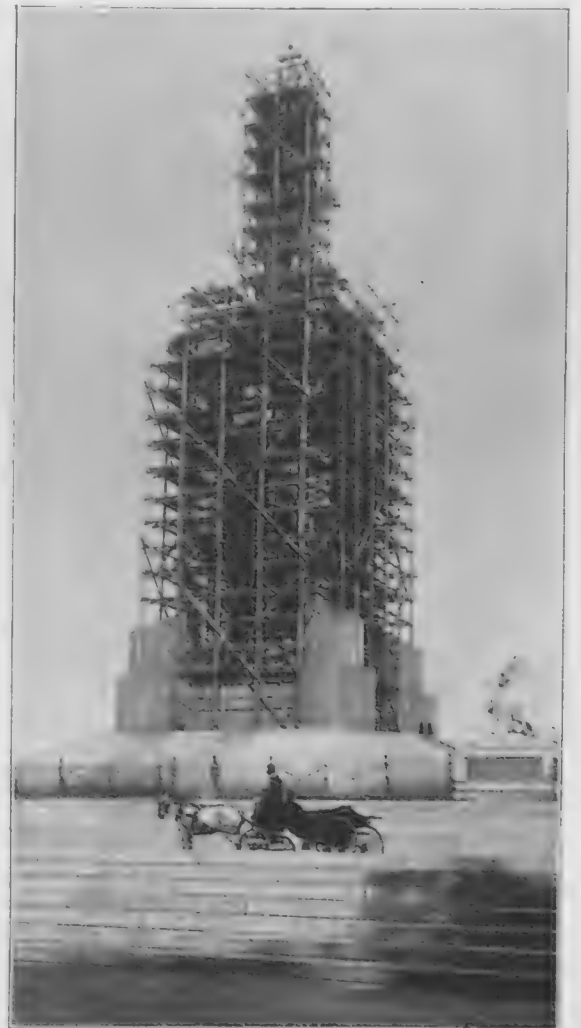
LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. WILSON BARRETT.

Taken by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



F. W. CHASE, THE MOTOR-CYCLE RECORD HOLDER.

Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.



REPAIRING THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.

Photograph by F. G. Calcott.

*Master Derwent
Hall Caine.*

Readers of *The Sketch* will recollect that, on the occasion of the recent visit of the King and Queen to the Isle of Man, an illustration of the Royal party, including Mr. Hall Caine, who acted as cicerone, was published. In that photograph there is a picture of a small boy



WIDENING OF LONDON BRIDGE: EXTERIOR OF ONE OF THE NEW FOOT-BRIDGES FOR USE DURING THE ALTERATIONS.

wearing his hat. He is Derwent, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Caine, and is ten years old. Only he and the Marquis de Soveral, the Portuguese Ambassador, remained covered in the presence of the King, the Marquis because he does fealty to another Sovereign, and Master Derwent for a reason of his own, which came out when the photograph had been printed and he was looking at it with his mother. "Derwent," she said, "why didn't you take your hat off? Didn't you see that all the gentlemen did so?" "Yes, mother," he replied; "but I kept my eye on the King, because I knew whatever he did would be all right, so when he kept his hat on it would be right enough for me."

*The Widening of
London Bridge.*

The much-needed and lengthily discussed widening of London Bridge, the City's main artery, is proceeding apace, much to the gratification of the habitual and occasional loafers, who now have an additional and novel attraction to the many they seem to so thoroughly enjoy. Nothing short of a fire could keep the police so busy "moving on." Work is going on by night as well as by day, and the scene under the glare of the flaming gas-lamps is almost Rembrandtesque in its effect. During the alterations, "business will be carried on as usual," as the shop-keepers have it, by means of temporary steel foot-bridges, each huge section of which is hauled into its place by means of enormous cranes. One side is already well on towards completion.

*A Queen's
Memoirs.*

I hear that the late Queen of the Belgians, shortly before her death, disposed of the Memoirs, in the composition of which she had spent a large portion of her closing years, to a Leipzig firm of publishers (writes *The Sketch* Berlin Correspondent). The work will be issued in German and French editions simultaneously, in ample time for the Christmas book sales.

*Mr. Kruger's
Modesty.*

Another book which is awaited here with some impatience is the political autobiography of Mr. Kruger. I am told that, when the ex-President was first approached on the subject of this work, he exclaimed; "What can I, poor, simple peasant, write that would interest the world?" The German publishers, however, appear to have convinced him of the eminent desirability of placing a chronological account of his life before the public. But though he has been assisted in the task of compilation and composition by many eager workers, the autobiography, so I hear, is lacking in all sensational qualities. It is sober, even dry, in style, consisting mainly of a matter-of-fact narration of the events and causes which, in Mr. Kruger's

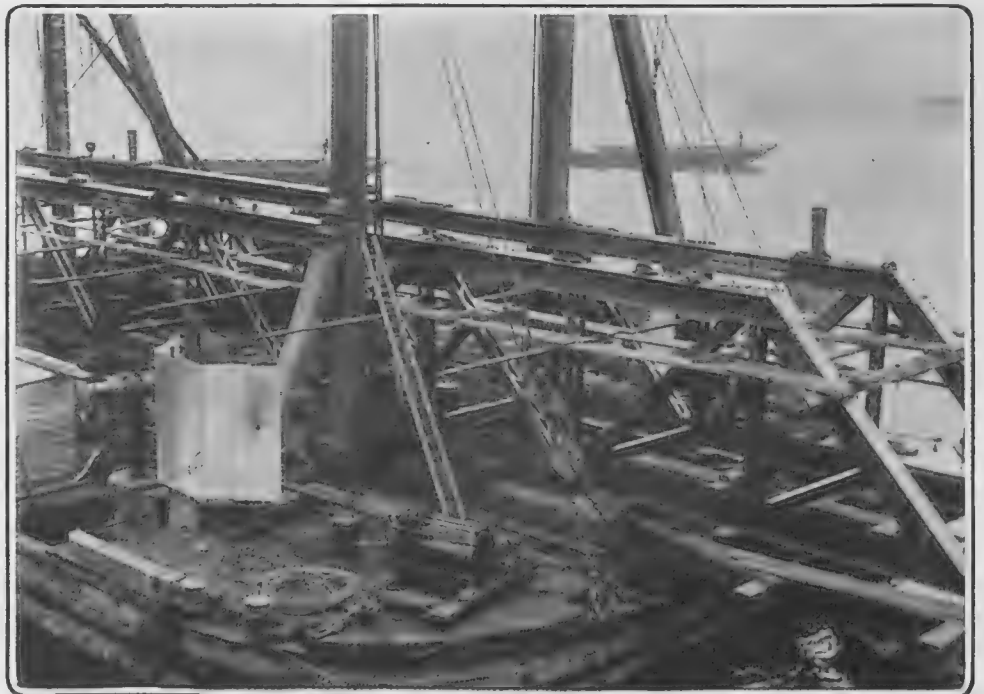
view, led up to the War. If one may believe the statements made as to the price promised to Mr. Kruger for his book, it can only be concluded that book-making is likely to prove for the Boers a more profitable occupation than lecturing. It has been suggested that the Emperor may assist the Boers, now that they are British subjects, by asking the great banking-houses of Germany to subscribe to their fund as he once asked them to give to the Indian Famine Fund.

*The Emperor and
the Generals.*

Discussion is raging around several points of etiquette connected with the impending visit of the three Boer Generals to Berlin. Will it be necessary for them to be presented to the Emperor by the British Ambassador, and will the Ambassador be present at the interview? These are questions which profoundly agitate Berlin society. In the case of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, whose audience with the Emperor three years ago created so much stir, the mediation of the British Embassy was not required. Mr. Rhodes sent in a personal application to be received by the Emperor, and without further ado a meeting was arranged. But, as a Diplomatist pointed out to me the other day, Mr. Rhodes was a Privy Councillor, and official British mediation was unnecessary. It is otherwise in the case of the Boer Generals. I happen to know that the Emperor is personally very desirous of seeing the Boer Generals, if only for the purpose of discussing military questions with them, and I shrewdly suspect that, if the British Ambassador finds himself unable to grant the request of the German Government to present the three Generals, the Emperor will discover another means of receiving them. In whatever form the interview takes place—this I can absolutely affirm—it is certain that the Emperor will impress on the Generals the bounden necessity and the supreme wisdom of observing in the spirit as well as in the letter the terms of their surrender to the British Government.

An Imperial Weed. Much nonsensical chatter has been published regarding the smoking habits of the Kaiser. It is said that His Majesty is about to join the ranks of the non-smokers. The rumour to this effect is due to the fact that the Emperor has abandoned the use of strong Havanas and that he has been discovered with an unlit pipe in his mouth on several recent shooting expeditions. As a matter of fact, His Majesty has largely discarded cigars for cigarettes. He has his cigarettes specially made for him, as he likes them in a form almost equal in size to cigars.

Oiling the Roads. A mile of the road between Farnborough and Aldershot has been selected for making the first experiments in this country for laying the dust by means of oil. So far, the attempt appears to have been completely successful, for the dust was satisfactorily laid and the oil sank into the ground very rapidly. Only experience can show how long the effect of the oil will last, but, as four thousand gallons were poured on a mile of road, it should not be necessary to have recourse to the treatment very frequently.



WIDENING OF LONDON BRIDGE: THE SPANS ARE BUILT ON A PONTOON AT THE SIDE OF THE BRIDGE AND ARE LIFTED INTO POSITION.

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MISS GERTIE MILLAR, OF THE GAIETY.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

ART IN STAGE-COSTUME.

Something about Mr. Percy Anderson, who has Designed the Costumes for Mr. Tree's Production of "The Eternal City" at His Majesty's.

QUITE a modern notion is the application of artistic principles to the accessories of the stage. Shakspeare could do without scenery altogether; so he, at least, was free from one of the most costly and complicated of the problems that have beset his successors in theatrical management. Elizabethan actors and



AN ITALIAN PEASANT COSTUME WORN IN "THE ETERNAL CITY"

From the original design by Mr. Percy Anderson.

audiences thought "The play's the thing," and, if it had been presented in an elaborate setting, the critics of the time would, no doubt, have declared that the pictorial surroundings distracted attention from the incidents of the drama. In fact, there are not lacking those who make the same assertion at the present time. So the old-time mummers would enact Julius Cæsar, or any other historical personage, in their ordinary garments, sometimes, perhaps, threadbare from much wear and from an obstinate disinclination on the part of the "ghost" to "walk"; and, whatever their success, it was due entirely to their histrionic powers and to the force of the play. The same thing continued up to the eighteenth century. Garrick would appear as Hamlet in a Georgian Court-costume, and Mrs. Siddons, no doubt, allowed herself absolute freedom in the matter of costume. Feminine discretion in dress is not to be lightly interfered with, and even now in many theatres actresses have the choice of their own garments, for which, moreover, they have the privilege of paying. In the early nineteenth century, such liberty of selection led to many inharmonious arrangements of colour and to bizarre effects that were aptly termed "stagey," but a desire for accuracy in scenery and costume began to develop, and how far this was carried may be judged from Charles Kean's collection of stage-drawings now to be seen at the Victoria and Albert Museum. These designs evince a desire to combine correctness of detail with striking and gorgeous stage-effects. Managers who came later wanted something more naturalistic. Consequently, there arose the "tea-cup and saucer" school, which aimed at bringing the stage down to the level of everyday life with all its little realistic details. But, strangely enough, the idea of pictorial harmony was slow to germinate. It was not recognised that an audience needed, beyond truthful detail, a restful and well-balanced picture that would afford æsthetic pleasure without obtruding itself on the attention—that would leave the mind no less free than the bare stage of Shakspeare, but would yet give a sense of completeness and, so to say, sub-conscious enjoyment. This is the achievement of the modern stage, to which no one has contributed

with greater success than Mr. Percy Anderson, who has been afforded a fine opportunity in "The Eternal City," though it was one that abounded with difficulty. How, for instance, was he to bring about a pictorial effect and yet preserve accuracy of detail in such a scene as the Ante-room to the Pope's Bedchamber? The sanctity of the inner life of the Vatican is so well guarded that the profane eye has little opportunity of becoming acquainted with its aspect; and then there are the many ceremonials and ancient observances, all demanding their peculiar vestments and orders, that form an essential feature of the Papal Court. To reach exactitude in such matters as these might well seem a hopeless task, and Mr. Anderson was baffled over and over again in the course of his visits to Rome. Fortunately, however, he found an ally in Mr. Claude Roche-Francis, who has had personal experience of the Court at the Vatican, and has relatives who are high dignitaries of the Church. The assistance of this gentleman resolved many of the artist's difficulties.

Mr. Anderson's remarkable faculty for harmonious colour arrangement has had much scope in his designs for this play. The brilliance of the ecclesiastical vestments and of the uniforms of the Swiss Guards, the costumes of the officers and officials who are in continuous attendance on the Pope, afford many opportunities for ingenious chromatic composition, especially in contrast with the grey stonework of the venerable buildings. The dresses of the chief characters are also noteworthy, not the least so being that of Mr. Lionel Brough as Bruno Rocco, the Socialist, which is reproduced from the artist's original sketch, together with a design for a peasant girl knitting, whose modest duty is to form a pretty figure in a picturesque crowd. The extreme care manifested in these examples is typical of the close attention that Mr. Anderson has given to all the dresses of the many figures that throng the stage. He makes his designs in water-colour, and the costumiers work from these drawings under his direction. From this it may be gathered that the work of the modern stage-costume artist is sufficiently difficult and arduous. But it does not end here. Mr. Anderson has been busy night after night at the dress-rehearsals, arranging groups and colour harmonies, and noting their effect on the stage, modifying the conditions of light, and offering suggestions to actors and supers as to their attitudes and movements, for one wrongly placed spot of colour might spoil a whole scene. Something more than artistic gifts are called for at rehearsal, and it will be recognised that the utmost tact is needed also, when it is remembered that, in a sense, every person on the stage, from the



ANOTHER PEASANT COSTUME FOR "THE ETERNAL CITY."

From the original design by Mr. Percy Anderson.

highest to the lowest, is under the artist's control. Yet, even amid the nerve-tension of a dress-rehearsal, all are willing to aid Mr. Anderson in his work, which, though much of it will be scarcely noticed, forms a very essential contribution to whatever success is achieved by the present remarkable production at His Majesty's.

OYSTER-FISHING AT WHITSTABLE.



THE ROYAL WHITSTABLE OYSTER FISHERY COMPANY'S
OFFICES AND STORES.



DREDGERS OUT ON THE OYSTER GROUNDS IN THE
EARLY MORNING.



HAULING IN A DREDGE FULL OF OYSTERS.



OYSTERS BEING SORTED ON BOARD A DREDGER.



BRINGING THE OYSTERS ASHORE.



FILLING UP THE BARRELS.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE:

THE GREATEST PHILANTHROPIST IN THE WORLD.

TO travel nearly fourteen hundred miles to get four snapshot pictures of a man! It seems a great deal to do, yet that was what *The Sketch* photographer did to obtain the pictures for this article; and the journey was well worth the doing, for, among the interesting men of the world, the man who is making it his mission to bring the possibilities of education to hundreds of thousands—nay, millions—throughout the Anglo-Saxon world is one of the most interesting.

No one needs reminding in these days of the extraordinary life-story of Mr. Carnegie, who possibly is unacquainted with the exact sum of his own wealth, though it has been said to be at least fifty million pounds. That from nothing; for he started life without a penny, emigrating with his parents and brother when he was about ten from the Scotland he loved so well to America, and settling in Pittsburg, where he began life as a bobbin-boy in a linen-factory at a wage of five shillings a-week, and to-day his income is said to average £5500 in the twenty-four hours.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that Mr. Carnegie should believe, as he has been heard to say more than once, that the easiest thing in the world is to make money, if only one puts one's brains to it. Everything depends on the brains, and there is probably no calling which he could have entered which would not have afforded him the means of amassing millions, for he is the sort of man who does not wait for opportunities in order to take advantage of them, but, like another great little man, Napoleon, he makes the opportunities for himself.

Like Alexander Selkirk, Mr. Carnegie, as he stands at the porch of Skibo Castle—and, if you would not offend the susceptibilities of the Highlanders, you are earnestly required to pronounce it as if it were spelled "Skeebo"—might well say, "I am Monarch of all I survey," for the estate extends some twenty miles in length by six to eight in width and has in its area some thirty-five thousand acres. In the days that were earlier, it was an abbey, and there are yew-trees standing which are at least seven hundred years old. Everything that Nature can do for a favourite spot she has done for Skibo, and everything that money can procure for the lucky owner is to be found in the castle, which, far away as it is from neighbouring houses, is lighted by electricity, a plant having been built for the purpose; while its magnificent swimming-bath, which is fully seventy feet long, is supplied with salt-water from Dornoch Firth, and, by means of suitable electric contrivances, the temperature of the water can be raised to any desired height. Yet it was not so long ago that a friend of Mr. Carnegie repeated a statement made by him in which he said, "I cannot realise that this is really mine.

I know that I have in my possession the legal papers which say that I have bought it, yet it does not seem possible, after all; that I actually own it"; and the words were spoken in the simplest and most unaffected manner possible. Those whose privilege it is to know Mr. Carnegie personally will not be surprised, for, in spite of his wealth and the brilliant genius which enabled him to make it, his

is essentially a simple soul. If he has any pride at all, it would probably be, according to that same friend, in some gooseberry-bushes in one corner of the garden, which have the reputation of growing the best gooseberries in the kingdom.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Carnegie may feel some pride at the fact that he is a Scotchman, and he has proved it by his gift of two million pounds for the educational advancement of the country which gave him birth.

At one time, Mr. Carnegie lived in West Fifty-first Street in New York, and on the cornices of his library there were several maxims frescoed in large letters. They are exceedingly interesting as showing

the trend of his mind and the basis on which he built up his position. One of the maxims was, "The present moment is our aim, the next we never see." Another was, "He that dare not reason is a slave; he that cannot is a fool; he that will not is a bigot," while a third contained four lines of Polonius's advice to his son—

This above all: To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Mr. Carnegie delights to surround himself with his friends at the week-ends, and on the occasion of the visit of the representative of *The Sketch* he was entertaining Archdeacon Sinclair and Mr. Richard R. B. Haldane, K.C., M.P. Visitors to the castle are always taken over on Sunday to church at the little village of Dornoch, some four miles distant. With his friends Mr. Carnegie unbends in the most urbane manner, and delights in telling, as in hearing, a good story. He

has himself a nimble wit, as a remark he made at the time there was a great deal of talk of the possibility of an alliance between Great Britain and the United States sufficiently attests. It was at Skibo, and the conversation turned as to what flower would form the best emblem for the two nations. After several suggestions had been made, Mr. Carnegie said, "I would suggest the dandelion. 'Dandy' would represent the 'cute Yankee businessman, while the rest of the word could certainly represent the British Lion"; and, in his opinion, such an alliance would rule the world. Few people would probably be found to question his belief.



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE DICTATING TO HIS SECRETARY.



SKIBO CASTLE, MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE'S HIGHLAND RESIDENCE.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

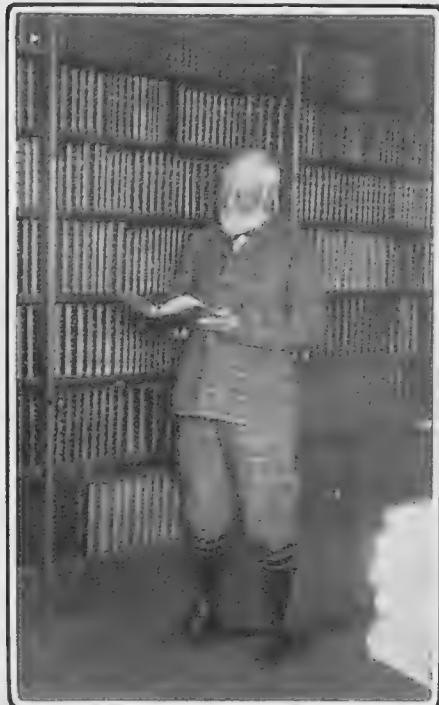
XVIII.—MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Archdeacon Sinclair.

Mr. Haldane, M.P.



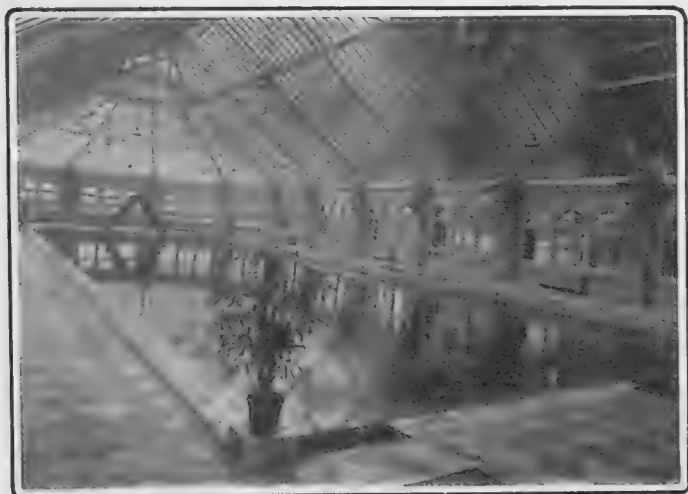
"GOOD-MORNING. I HATE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED."



"YES, YES; THIS IS THE LIBRARY."



"NO MORE AFTER THIS. YOU CAN GO ROUND THE GROUNDS IF YOU LIKE."



THE PRIVATE SWIMMING-BATH AT SKIBO CASTLE (HOT OR COLD WATER).



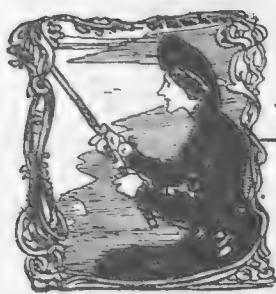
THE ELECTRIC-LIGHTING STATION.



A GLIMPSE OF THE GARDENS.



THE LIBRARY AT SPINNINGDALE, BUILT BY MR. CARNEGIE FOR THE USE OF THE VILLAGERS.



SPORTING LEAVES

FROM THE
DIARY OF
AN ACTIVE
AUTUMN



VI.—ON THE ROEBUCK'S TRACK.

WHEN the woods were beaten for the blackcock on the day the black-game season opened, the beaters, or two of them, caught a glimpse of a roebuck in the driest, shadiest part of the ground, and right along the driving-line came the cry, "Mark deer!" Fortunately, perhaps, for the buck, he never broke cover, but slipped away into the darkest places, and then, I suppose, doubled back. Now in this district deer are rarely found; we are not far north enough for the great red-deer of the Highlands, and the roe-deer are not met frequently within ten miles of us. So I have been hunting ever since the day when the heavy blackcock came sailing out above the fir-trees for sight of and shot at the buck.

Procedure is simple enough. It consists, for the most part, of attendance at the wood in the very early morning and at the late evening, varied with an occasional sojourn in the most remote places during the heat of day. The discipline is splendid. At five o'clock in the morning I rise; by half-past, I have had a bowl of steaming "parritch" with a liberal allowance of cream, and am on my way to the wood. Early feeding rabbits rise up from the wet grass and invite a shot; now and again, pigeon and partridge offer an easy chance; but I ignore everything and go quietly to the wood's edge and slip in among the firs and larch and dwarf oak. I walk very slowly and cautiously, trying to avoid the dry twigs that will snap under my feet and the branches that will go back to their place with a great noise. It is a fascinating place, only silent until one recognises the many voices and sounds belonging to its depths. The early sunlight never gets quite through the trees, but is broken among the leaves and chequers the ground in patches here and there. I see rabbits moving quietly and suspiciously to and fro; once or twice I have caught sight of a hare loping along. Pigeons settle for a moment, and, if they see me, go out of the wood with an angry clatter of wing; blackbirds flutter noisily from tree to tree or dive into the deepest glades, uttering their indignant cry; robins, more trustful than other birds, look confidently at me from some swaying branch, as though they know I would not harm them; but the roebuck remains invisible.

At times I think he is looking out at me from some dark corner where the Scotch fir is thickest; now and again in the evening, when

one and all would be off after the first rabbit that rose, and then the peace and quiet of the place would be destroyed. Moreover, a dog or a pack of dogs would only drive him from cover—not necessarily within gunshot.

A week ago, I decided to give up the task altogether, and went out of the wood at sunset on to a meadow, and thence into the field of



potatoes that stretches to a great expanse of uncut corn. I surprised a blackcock at his supper; he rose in strong flight. I fired and missed, fired again, with better luck, and saw the splendid bird fall heavily into the corn. I marked the place and put my gun down, for the blackcock would not move again, and I had to keep my eye on the place where he fell. Running hard, I reached the corn, and, after brief search, found the bird, quite dead. Rising with him, I heard an unaccustomed noise; the roebuck had run out of the corn and was cantering across the meadow between him and the wood. His coat had not lost the bright red-brown colour that goes with autumn, his actions were exceedingly graceful, and he moved without alarm. Probably a doe was in the corn or in the wood, for at this season of the year the buck does not often go alone. However, there was no chance of finding the one or the other then, and I returned to the house, determined to resume the search, well pleased to find that the beaters had not deceived themselves or me.

Down to the time of writing, my pursuit, though undiminished, has been unavailing. I have seen no more of the roebuck, nor has anybody in the neighbourhood. There has been a spell of unfavourable weather, and he may have been lying close; fresh fields and pastures new may have tempted him away, or the doe to whom his heart is given may be a few miles away in another plantation and he may be no more than a bold raider in search of food on these grounds. Or, more likely still, my brief seasons in this land of moors and woods have not been sufficient to train my eye to the extent required to track the cunning little deer. Perhaps he sees me often and enjoys my discomfiture as he steals from tree to tree, light as a shadow over the grass, well shielded from observation by the wonderfully protective colouring that Nature gives to so many hunted creatures. He has all his natural instincts to aid him in the place of his own choosing. I have no more than the sporting instinct, coupled with a small amount of woodland lore.

Soon the cornfields will be cut; harvest is very late in this district. The woodland will be thinning and the root-crops will be all that are left on the land, so the chances may be in my favour. On the other hand, the days of my sojourn in Scotland are drawing to a close. I would be quite content if I knew that nobody would find him and that he will get away altogether; but if the beautiful head is to be mounted for decoration of entrance-hall or library, it ought to come to me.

S. L. BENSUSAN.



the birds are at rest and the light is going fast, I hear some quiet "pit-pat" upon the pine-needles that strew the floor of the wood, and I stand quite still, looking round as far as I can in all directions. All in vain, and I cannot take a dog into the wood to help the search, for there is none available that has been trained to the roe-deer chase;



A DANGEROUS SPOT.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE second volume of the new edition of "Chambers's Encyclopædia of English Literature" will appear this month. Among the principal articles are "Swift," "Pope," and "Sterne," by Professor Saintsbury; "Richardson," "Fielding," and "Goldsmith," by Austin Dobson; and "Chatterton" and "Crabbe," by the late Mr. Francis Hindes Groome. "James Boswell" is by the Rev. Thomas Davidson, author of the excellent dictionary.

Professor Saintsbury pursues his gigantic task of writing the History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe from the earliest texts to the present day. His new volume will embrace the period from the Renaissance to the decline of eighteenth-century orthodoxy, and the work will be completed in another volume.

Mr. Charles Whibley has two new books ready, both of which will be published by Messrs. Blackwood. The one is "Musings Without Method," reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the other is a monograph on Thackeray.

One of the chief books to be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. is a Life of the Queen, by Mr. Sidney Lee, of the "Dictionary of National Biography." The book will be illustrated. There is also some probability of a new edition of Shakspeare under Mr. Lee's editorship.

Mr. Quiller-Couch has two novels ready for publication. One will run through *Harper's* and the other through *Cassell's Magazine*. Mr. Couch is also writing a serial for the *Monthly Review*. He has not yet commenced his book on George Eliot for the new series published by Messrs. Blackwood.

The Biography of the Rev. John Mackenzie, South African missionary and statesman, published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, contains some very interesting personal matter. Mr. Mackenzie cultivated intimate relations with journalists—among others, with Mr. Morley, the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He writes to his son: "I have just come back from Mr. John Morley's house, where I spent the night . . . I went between three and four p.m. It was a visit of great pleasure to me. All the people were nice, but the Morleys are all very nice. I hope I shall like Courtney on ahead. I cannot say I think so just now, but he is a very fine fellow, says Mr. Morley, and I believe it is so." Later on in the same epistle he says: "Mr. Morley is not satisfied that my scheme has been fairly understood by Mr. Courtney, suggested that I should have another interview with him—he would arrange it. I thought there was little hope, he had made up his mind. I then reminded him of my social disqualifications—nobody, &c., yet a missionary. He insisted on it, however."

Messrs. A. and C. Black will publish "London in the Eighteenth Century," by Sir Walter Besant. The book will be illustrated from contemporary drawings, portraits, and prints, and will contain a map. It is much to be feared that the great survey of London which Besant projected and worked at for so many years will never be carried out in its completeness. Perhaps, however, the plan was impracticable.

We are to have two books on the Gowrie Conspiracy, one by Mr. Lang, already mentioned, and another by Mr. Samuel Cowan, author of "Mary, Queen of Scots." Mr. Cowan professes to have solved the problem beyond doubt.

There is growing up quite a little literature round the Shakspeare-Bacon controversy. Mr. Willis, K.C., has published a book on the

subject in the form of a report of the trial of an issue in Westminster Hall. Mr. Willis takes the orthodox side. There is also in preparation a book, entitled "Shakspeare *versus* Bacon," by the late Lord Penzance, which will be published by Messrs. Sampson, Low, and Co.

Messrs. Sands and Co. are taking a place among the leading publishers of Roman Catholic literature in England, but they have by no means abandoned their activity in fiction and in general literature.

Messrs. Duckworth have in hand a magnificent work containing reproductions of drawings by Old Masters in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. There will be seventy plates published at twenty guineas net, and the edition is strictly limited to eighty copies.

Messrs. Harper will publish a new volume of stories by W. W. Jacobs, entitled "The Lady of the Barge." Mr. Jacobs has a retainer for the *Strand Magazine*, receiving a handsome fixed salary in return for a certain amount of work, but he is free to write elsewhere.

Messrs. Reeves and Turner have published a really handsome edition of Montaigne, using the translation of Charles Cotton. The editing seems to be careful, but perhaps the time has come for a completely new translation of Montaigne.

A collection of Ibsen's letters is being prepared for the press and will be published next year. Dr. Ibsen has given his sanction to the publication. o. o.

ÉMILE ZOLA.

The news of the tragic death of this great Frenchman last week was received with general regret and sympathy—feelings which would not have been excited very widely some twenty or even ten years ago by such an event. It is only comparatively recently that Zola can be said to have "come to his own" in a universal recognition of his genius and of the sincerity and depth of the moral purpose and aims of his work. Formerly, it was thought that he was a kind of human muck-rake, deliberately heaping together all that was low and sensual. Zolaism stood for the prostitution of literature and art. Latterly, however, the point of view shifted. What was regarded as a picture

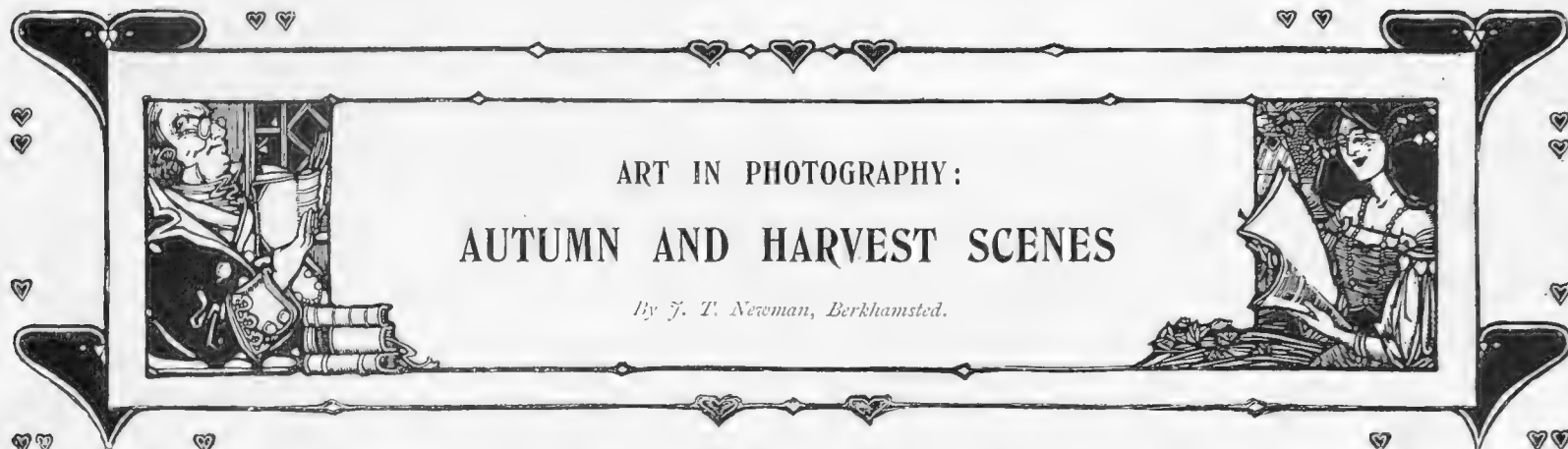
of vileness, made by one who rejoiced in vileness, was seen to be something quite different—was seen, indeed, to have been painted by an artist who sought for and found truth and depicted it with unflinching sincerity. It is the art which is sincere that lives and triumphs, and the art of Zola was, above everything, sincere.

But, acknowledging this, it still must be said that there undoubtedly weighed on Zola's mind a sombre and pervasive sort of obsession; his temperament, and perhaps his early environment of bitterness and poverty, caused him to see "La Bête Humaine," all that is worst in poor humanity, with terrible and tremendous distinctness, so that he had no eyes for, or at most but a twilight consciousness of, the higher and nobler sides of life. And yet that the man was noble who can doubt that remembers how he threw himself into the Dreyfus case? In this country, where recognition of Zola's claim to be a great and sincere if somewhat "limited" artist had been steadily growing, his splendid defence of Dreyfus, the hatred and the loss he incurred because of it, and his high patriotism made him an object of admiration. And the circumstances of his death will add to that feeling, now become universal, the pity, sympathy, and wonder that ever go with so strange and deeply tragic an end.



THE LATE M. ÉMILE ZOLA.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:
AUTUMN AND HARVEST SCENES

By J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted.



A FROSTY MORNING IN OCTOBER.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: AUTUMN AND HARVEST SCENES.



A. GLADE.



A WOODLAND ROAD.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: AUTUMN AND HARVEST SCENES.



LOADING WHEAT.



CARRYING.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY: AUTUMN AND HARVEST SCENES.



STACKING (OLD STYLE).



THATCHING.



THE EBB OF DAY.

**"NO OTHER WAY."**

By SIR WALTER BESANT.
(*Chatto and Windus. 6s.*)

Sir Walter Besant will unite in warmly welcoming this final, and perhaps most characteristic, product of his pen. The volume is, indeed, so characteristically Besantine that it would be easy to lay finger on it and point out, not on one page or two, but almost everywhere, those particular features of style, diction, colour, thought, and movement associated with the Besant novels. Few writers revealed themselves so clearly in their works as did Sir Walter, and it is impossible to read "No Other Way" without seeing shining through it that sturdy, honest, courageous, yet sympathetic spirit which was of the very essence of the man. There is one thing, however, to be noticed about this book, and that is the absence from it of that kindly and genial humour which marked his earlier stories. On the other hand, it should be said that in no other of his novels has he given us so complete a picture of a period in the history of London as in this. London had a perpetual fascination for him, and few knew it—either as it is to-day or as it was in the past—as well as he. The period which forms the background of the novel, and also makes its plot possible, is the middle of the eighteenth century—a time when women of fashion, deeply involved financially, could transfer their debts to men "cast for death" in Newgate, and so escape their responsibilities. It is exactly on an incident of this kind that the story turns as on a pivot. Put thus barely, the theme does not seem a pleasant one, but there was "no other way" for the lady. Of course, she suffers for it, but to say how she does so would be to tell the tale—for that our readers must go to the book itself; we commend it to their best attention; it deserves it.

"THE HOLE IN THE WALL."

By ARTHUR MORRISON.
(*Methuen. 6s.*)

"The Hole in the Wall" is a tale of mean streets and meaner people—one of those sordid dramas of the seamy side of life revealed to the many only through the medium of the Police Court, or, in more or less exaggerated form, on the boards of the barn-stormer's booth; a story of a decade or two back, when the riverside in East London was as much the Alsatia of what Rogue Riderhood vaguely described as "waterside characters" as was Whitefriars to the bully and bravo in the days of the second Charles. The neighbourhood of the Pool of London, Wapping, Ratcliffe, and Shadwell, was then much as it had been towards the close of the eighteenth century—a place of the evillest repute, where, as Besant has it, "the people, left to themselves, grew year by year more lawless, more ignorant, more drunken, more savage; there never was a time, there was no other place, unless it might have been some short-lived pirate settlement on a West Indian islet, where there was so much savagery as on the riverside of London." Every other house was a drinking-shop, a rendezvous for thieves and cut-throats, and a "fence," or receiving-house; the "crimp" plied his nefarious trade almost unmolested; murder and robbery were frequent; the machinery of the law was so clogged that it was with difficulty it worked at all; the police patrolled the streets in threes, and then in constant danger of their lives. Given such a locality and such characters, it is little wonder that Mr. Morrison has produced a story that is gruesome and frequently repellent in its truthfulness—a story that, ill-conceived or ill-written, would be anathema, a brutal commonplace. "The Hole in the Wall" falls under neither of these bans, and so, in spite of all its squalid detail, is acceptable. The characters are only too faithful to life, and are drawn with the skill of a practised hand: among the best are Captain Nat, the owner of the inn that gives its name to the book, and a

receiver of stolen goods; blind George, a disreputable fiddler, whose bestial nature is made more repulsive by his affliction; Dan Ogle, a cunning rascal of the most degraded type; and Musky Mag, the Nancy of the story, scarcely higher in the moral scale than Ratcliffe Meg, of whom Robert Buchanan wrote—

Is she a Tigress? Is she a Woman?
Look at the gleam of her deep-set eyes!
Bloated and stained in every feature,
With iron jaws, throat knotted and bare,
Eyes deep-sunken, jet-black hair,
Crouches the creature.

The book contains many passages that are strikingly clever, whatever may be said against them on the score of "strength." The death of Dan Ogle will haunt the memory as does the death of Bill Sikes—

There at the window appeared the Groping Man, a dreadful figure. In no darkness now, but ringed about with bright flame I saw him—the man whose empty, sightless eye-pits I had seen scarce twelve hours before through a hole in a canvas screen. The shade was gone from over the place of the eyes, and down the seared face and among the rags of blistered skin rolled streams of horrible great tears, forced from the raw lids by scorching smoke. His clothes smoked about him as he stood—groping, groping still, he knew not whither; and his mouth opened and closed with sounds scarce human. . . . Then came a great crash, with a single second's dulling of the whole blaze. For an instant the screaming, sightless, weeping face remained, and then was gone for ever. The floor had fallen.

Whether an author is justified in going to such extremes is, perhaps, questionable, but the power of the work is undeniable.

"FUEL OF FIRE."

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT
FOWLER.

(*Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.*)

It has been rather difficult for some people to understand the popularity of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's writing, and it is to be feared that her latest book will not tend to lessen that difficulty. One or two of her earlier novels certainly contained some rather amusing epigrams and witty sayings which seemed fairly spontaneous, but in "Fuel of Fire" the conversation does not soar above the level of schoolgirl repartee—at times, indeed, sinks below it: "My dear young friend, you are too clever by half; if you get much sharper you'll cut yourself." "Well, I haven't yet, anyhow, though I've often been tempted to cut you." "Men don't want a blaze of fireworks on their own hearthstones." "They'll want me right enough, whether I hearthstone or whether I firework." Such sallies as these exchanged between Nancy and her cousin Anthony would not have been considered scintillating even at the age of giggles and tossing pigtails.

Setting aside the flippancies of Nancy—whom one is expected to regard as an exceptionally clever maiden—the tale might well have appeared in a magazine intended for "Gilbert's young girl of fifteen in the stalls." It is a somewhat over-sweet love-story, adhering to the conventional lines with scrupulous exactitude—that is to say, the usual unreal obstacles are raised to render the course of true love fictionally rough, and the said obstacles are effectually removed as one nears the last chapter. In its favour, one might mention that the origin of the burning of Baxendale Hall is very ingeniously worked out. The author keeps the reader well in the dark as to the real incendiary, who, by prophecy, is to be "thrice as great as the King and the State and a thousandfold stronger and higher." The garrulous housekeeper who "runs on" is by no means an unfamiliar type, but there is a certain humour about Mrs. Candy, who criticises contemptuously the valuable old library of Baxendale Hall, "Why, last week's newspaper ain't no good; much less them old books as has been writ ever so much afore last week, or the week afore that!"

The book as a whole, however, is really trivial to the point of stupidity, and cannot frankly be said to repay the labour of reading.

HOLIDAY.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

I wake at morn to a great peace,
A most luxurious quietness,
That, like a mother, wraps me in,
Her breast and tender arms between.

The softest airs slip past and stir
The curtains sweet with lavender;
No sound except the songs of birds,
The caw of rooks, the low of herds,

The watch-dog's bark, the bleat of sheep,
The country stirring in her sleep,
The drowsy hum of bees, the flow
Of quiet waters, soft and low.

Under a gable high I lie,
My window frames a patch of sky,
A stretch of bluest hill, a cloud,
Her white breast on the mountain bowed.

Where grass and trees one shadow make,
The red-roofed cottages awake
And light their fragrant fires, whose smoke
Hangs blue within the elm and oak.

Everything speaks of quiet sweet:
The children go on gentle feet,
And Blowsabella's laugh is soft
As coo of pigeons in the croft.

The cattle under spreading trees
Stand in rich pasture to their knees,
With quiet water, sweet and cool,
Under the mountain beautiful.

The Day, with finger to her lips,
Round to the heavenly evening slips;
And all the winds are lullabies,
And all the stars are mothers' eyes.

R. P. GOSSOP



THE DIVER'S NIGHTMARE.

DRAWN BY CECIL ALDIN.



ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR WILSON.

1.

MR MATTHEW PORCHER, of Porcher House, Blitherwood, Berks, was a sentimentalist; and, like most sentimentalists, his eye was constantly fixed on the horizon to see what might be coming over it to claim his ever-ready sympathy; and, like most sentimentalists, he was so busy with the horizon that he was spared the suffering that the sight of the miseries immediately under his nose might have caused him. His sympathies were as general as they were intense. He would criticise fiercely an unknown magistrate's apparently unjust decision in a case of which he, Matthew Porcher, could know nothing of the details or of the antecedents of the delinquent. He would burn with indignation on reading that the police had grossly abused their power by arresting an apparently innocent person, and his indignation would last on undiminished till he learnt from the evening papers that the prisoner was a lunatic whose friends had turned up to claim him.

Such tragedies as the Armenian massacres generally led to a dreamy condition of imaginary heroism, in which he, Matthew Porcher, addressed the Rulers of the world in conclave assembled—in terms eulogised the next morning by the entire European Press—and reminded them of their duty to civilisation as interpreted by himself. In short, he felt acutely on most things which neither concerned him nor which he could help.

It followed, therefore, that nobody in the three Kingdoms was likely to be more interested in the Bannock poisoning case than Matthew Porcher.

It was a case which was agitating the whole country, and Mrs. Hartshorne, of the general shop in the village—a particularly mild and gentle little woman—had declined to serve Mrs. Martin, of the Hall Lodge, with soap, because the latter, her, till now, bosom-friend, had told her not to be prejudiced, but to give the woman a fair trial.

The Squire and the parson had been seen, shaking their fists in each other's faces in a secluded lane in arguing the very same question, so it was not likely that a case which roused such feeling would leave the sensitive soul of Matthew Porcher undisturbed. He took a diametrically opposite point of view to that held by folk of mere reason and logic.

The Bannock poisoning case was, to put it in brief, the trial of Jane Hone, a young governess of humble extraction, for the murder by poisoning of her *fiancé*. The whys and wherefores hardly concern this tale, but it may be stated in passing that the object was self-advancement, as her employer had promised to marry her, and her sweetheart refused to be set aside, threatening disagreeable disclosures.

There were three points of view taken of the case, and everybody who held any one of them was equally violent in denouncing the other two.

The first was that the woman was mad, and the doctor's wife commenced every conversation on the subject, "Now, explain this to me if you can. Would a woman who was not mad?" &c.

Another party held that she was guilty, and a minority that she was innocent.

Matthew was with the last-named. Every morning, after reading the case carefully, and, as a fillip to his argumentative powers, addressing an imaginary Jury, and persuading them to a still more imaginary verdict, he sallied forth to do battle, his paper in hand for reference.

His coachman—perhaps the one person in the village who had no views on the subject—as a rule, saw him coming and made a bolt for cover; but Matthew, one morning, too quick, bore down upon him with, "What do you say to this, Rollitt? What about your argument of yesterday now?"

Rollitt, unconscious of ever having used any argument at all, stood open-mouthed.

"You see, the key—according to two reliable witnesses—was on the inside of the door. Now, if she mixed the poison in the room and turned the key, the door would be locked, and that would give the whole thing away, and it was the business of the people who said they were looking through the keyhole to go and see what she was stirring in that jar; and, if the key wasn't turned, why didn't somebody walk in and ask her what she was about? You see, you can't have it both ways."

"Ah, that be true enough!" and Rollitt eyed the paper which Matthew was shaking at him with apprehension. With a sudden touch of genius, he added, "Ah, tha' shouldst ha' bin a lawyer!" Clever Rollitt! Matthew went on his way to the village, delighted.

His next opponent was the bank-manager, who hurried up to him with, "You see, the woman *was* mad, after all."

Matthew was not to be intimidated by assumption.

"Certainly, if you assume the woman was guilty, then she must have been mad to give herself away. Personally, every one of these indiscretions, as you call them, bear to my mind the hall-mark of innocence." This was a flower of speech not to be wasted, and Matthew repeated it many times before the morning was out.

The case had this advantage over most of his enthusiasms—everybody was eager to discuss it.

"Upon my soul, Porcher," said the doctor, from his abnormally high dog-cart, as he whipped up his horse, "you're as bad as some of those fellows who have written to offer the creature marriage. At least, they have an advantage over you—they put their sympathy into a practical form."

"He'll be a lucky man who gets such a treasure," squeaked Matthew, whose voice was apt to become shrill in moments of excitement. He had worked himself up to such a pitch that he was prepared to go any lengths in defence of the unfortunate Jane Hone.

He went home to lunch, his head buzzing with the pros and cons of the case.

The doctor's remark led him to take up the paper and read carefully the news as to her being sought in marriage. It was stated that there were several parsons, two members of the House of Peers, and a notorious pugilist in the running, and, should Jane Hone be acquitted, all she had to do was to decide between a palace, a parsonage, and the National Sporting Club.

The noble unselfishness of these gentlemen made Matthew envious. It was such a definite way of showing sympathy for an innocent woman in so desperate a situation; and what a comfort such tangible sympathy must be to her! He found himself, much in the same spirit as he had addressed an imaginary Jury on her behalf, writing a specimen letter to her, containing what he would have said had he been a chivalrous parson, Peer, or pugilist.

DEAR MADAM,—Should you, on leaving the Court after your inevitable acquittal, see stretched out before you a life of loneliness and ostracism, your existence poisoned by a taint which not even the verdict of a justice-loving Jury will be able to remove, remember that there is one who during the progress of your trial has learnt to love and appreciate the many qualities which an envenomed and prejudiced prosecution have not succeeded in suppressing from public gaze. The ring of matrimony and the circle of the fireside are at your disposal at Porcher House, Blitherwood, Berks.

I may conclude by saying that I am classed amongst the landed gentry, that my income is something over fifteen hundred a-year, and that I move in a very good county set who will think twice ere they refuse to receive the wife of—

MATTHEW PORCHER.

Matthew read the letter through with deep satisfaction, and then suddenly the blood rushed to his head and developed that condition

of mind which he called enthusiasm, and which his friends called "want of balance."

He would send the letter. For once, at any rate, he would be great and join the band of heroes.

He rang for the servant and addressed the letter—

Miss Jane Hone, Court House, Bannock, N.B.

The servant had answered the bell before it struck Matthew that it would never do for her to see the address. He must post it himself, and not in the village, or his handwriting might be recognised. He mounted his bicycle—bicycles had been a boon to Matthew, who, though he was rich enough to afford it, had never had the nerve to ride a horse—and sped to Cokeham, the nearest town. He posted his letter, aghast at his own courage, and then went into the station to await the train with the evening papers. When he saw it coming round the bend, his heart beat furiously. The train tore into the station, and, as the man threw the papers on to the platform, more than one person shouted out to him—

"Is the verdict out?"

"Acquitted!" the man said slowly, as if he were determined not to lose any of the importance which attached to being the bearer of such tidings.

Most of those round looked incredulous. Matthew felt a curious "all-overish" feeling.

The papers were opened. It was true.

Not even the Scotch verdict, "Not Proven." She had been absolutely acquitted.

Matthew, undergoing most extraordinary sensations, mounted his bicycle and rode homewards.

Half-way, he met the doctor.

"Heard the verdict?" he said, in a trembling voice, attempting to be enthusiastic and failing dismally.

"No. What is it? Guilty, of course, poor wretch!"

"No—acquitted."

"Nonsense!"

"Oh yes, she is," said Matthew, dismally.

"Why, what a lot of dolts the Jury must have been! Fancy letting a woman with a criminal nature like that loose on people!" Matthew nearly fell off his bicycle in an access of terror. "I suppose we shall have you crowing over us for the next six months."

Crow! Matthew felt more like crying. The acquittal was a surprise to himself. As a rule, the objects of his sympathy suffered severe damage when they came in contact with the law.

Of course, he kept on assuring himself, she was not likely to regard his letter otherwise than as an expression of sympathy.

"I expect she has had hundreds of offers," he murmured to himself, "from the richest and the noblest."

It was in vain to comfort himself with these reflections. He was apprehensive—terribly apprehensive.

All during the next day he was apprehensive, but towards evening he cheered up. He began to triumph. He—as the doctor had said he would—commenced to crow over Jane Hone's discomfited opponents.

That evening, just as he was going to bed, after his usual limitation of one pipe and two nips of whisky, there came a thundering knock at the front-door, and in another minute a servant entered the room with a telegram.

"Telegram, sir. The boy is waiting for an answer."

Matthew gazed at the maid fishily, and swayed to and fro as if he were drunk.

He suspected the worst.

With a shaking hand, he put on his glasses, and, taking the telegram to the light of a lamp, read—

I accept your noble offer. Will arrive Blitherwood to-morrow evening 7.30.—J. H.

"There is no answer," said Matthew, as soon as he could command his voice.

Left alone, he smothered a shriek and ran round the room three times in sheer flurry. He then sat down before the fire and moaned, "Coming here—coming here—coming here!"

In a minute or two, from force of habit, he rose, and, banging the table, addressed an imaginary person: "What I want to know, sir, is, why the devil did they acquit her?"

Bed, sleep, rest, were out of the question. He sat up all night revolving schemes.

First, he thought of setting fire to the house and going away. Of course, he was not going to marry her. Absurd, ridiculous!

He would pay off all the servants and start for the Riviera the next morning.

Then the words "breach of promise" loomed up before him. She was not likely to shrink. Courts of Justice were no novelty to her.

He would be ruined for life. He could never hold up his head in the neighbourhood again. This came of being sympathetic. For the future he would hate everybody. He would loathe; detest, despise mankind. He would be a devil incarnate.

All this, however, would not alter the fact that she was coming there and that she expected him to marry her. Marry her!

Fancy having to kiss a murderess—for a murderess he now had not the least doubt she was. Why, she might have some subtle way of conveying poison from her lips! He gave a long shudder, which seemed to him to last minutes. Already he saw himself being borne, one bleak winter's day, to the Blitherwood Cemetery, while Jane Hone, whose origin no one would know, reigned at Porcher House as his sorrowing widow.

What was to be done—what was to be

done? he kept on asking himself. And the more he said it, the more he realised that there was nothing to be done. He must meet her, or everybody in the place would know who she was in half-an-hour.

How was he to account for her to his housekeeper? For Jane Hone would have to be given into her charge at once. Even bucolic Mrs. Jenner would open her eyes at the sight of a bride popping up, as it were, from nowhere.

Of course, she would have to be an old sweetheart—he would have to explain it in that way.

It took him some hours to mature the story he was going to tell. There must be no discrepancies, as it would be all over the countryside in a very short space of time.

The next morning, he sought Mrs. Jenner in the housekeeper's room. She was dusting a magnificent épergne of Crown Derby.

"Mrs. Jenner, I am going to be married."



Isaac Wilson

"Mrs. Jenner, I am going to be married."

Mrs. Jenner's hands went up in the air, and the Crown Derby went down on the ground. He hardly gave her time to bemoan the broken china, but went on with his explanation, as if it were a lesson he might forget should he delay.

"She is an old flame, Mrs. Jenner."

Matthew endeavoured to look jaunty, but, as it flashed across him what a flare-up the old flame might make, the jauntiness subsided instantaneously.

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes, we were engaged as boy and girl. You know the old saying, Mrs. Jenner—one always returns to one's first love."

"Lord, sir, and you so settled in your habits!"

"She has been left penniless and without a relation in the world, Mrs. Jenner, so she's coming straight here, and you'll have to take care of her."

It seemed to Matthew's guilty conscience as though Mrs. Jenner flatly disbelieved everything he was saying.

Mrs. Jenner having been made ready, he spent the day with ever-increasing fits of chilliness down his spine.

Towards evening, he looked at himself in the glass. His face was drawn and pinched, and his eyes were staring from his head as if at some advancing horror.

He had more than once got half-way to the fish-pond, but the natural timidity of his character prevented the fulfilment of so desperate a design.

When the man came to tell him that the phaeton was waiting, he felt tears of fright rising to his eyes. However, in another twenty minutes he was at the station, and the train, bearing the fearful freight, was signalled. He nearly flung himself in front of it. The doctor,

who was on the platform, slapped him on the back, saying, jovially, "Just heard the news. Congratulate you! Going to do your duty at last. You must introduce me."

Introduce, indeed! How was he to introduce himself?

There were only two passengers—a burly farmer, who got out opposite the booking-office, and Matthew's treasure, who alighted far away up the platform, beyond the station shelter—a tall, black figure with a thick veil, standing beside an attenuated heap of luggage. In the dim twilight it looked almost like an apparition.

The doctor, all curiosity, jovially offered to help with the luggage, but Matthew, whose nerves were at a tension he had never experienced before, turned on him and snarled, "Go away, you fool!"

"I beg your pardon! Of course, I should have remembered. I ought to have had more delicacy. Good-night!" He disappeared through the door of the booking-office.

Matthew, with shaking knees, walked the long distance between himself and the woman. He was in a cold bath with horror. She was flitting restlessly about near her luggage, and, as Matthew drew near, she advanced with outstretched hands and a gesture almost theatrical.

"Mr. Porcher?" The voice was mincing and strangely artificial. She laid a hand on Matthew's arm. He almost screamed and ran.

A porter came up and, shouldering a dress-box and picking up a small bag, walked on ahead, Matthew and his *fiancée* following. He stole one glance at her, which made his state of mind even worse than it had been. She had black hair and a high colour. There were mock humility and affectation in every movement.

She was obviously a knave—unmistakably dishonest.

(To be concluded next week.)



"DEAR, DEAR, DEAR!"

DRAWN BY GUNNING KING.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE theatrical changes which I foreshadowed last week are now, like the coming fancies mentioned by the greatest of all theatrical people, crowding upon us thick and fast. By the time these lines have the honour to be perused by *Sketch* readers, Mr. Lewis Waller will have tried at Liverpool (for proper testing

later in London) the new American play, entitled "Beaucaire." In the name-part (originally acted in the States by Mr. Richard Mansfield) Mr. Waller is for the first time—or nearly the first—in his fine histrionic career essaying what is technically called a "character" part; that is to say, a part requiring sundry variations, both of style and of speech, as compared with the more even and unvaried declamatory characters such as Mr. Waller has, like certain other gifted elocutionists, mostly impersonated.

After this essay, however, Mr. Waller will, I am told, revert to a part of a more elocutionary kind. In

a story of very high Society indeed—so much so that I must not at present name the sub-title.

In my paragraph concerning the recent production by Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry of the new play, "For Sword or Song," it seems that I ought to have described it as a "poetical music-play" and to have stated that it is the work of Messrs. R. G. Legge, Louis Calvert, and Raymond Roze.

The wonderful run of luck which Mr. George Dance has had with his plays, from "The Lady Slave" (now in its tenth year of touring) down to "A Chinese Honeymoon" (which has been, three years touring and has now passed its four hundredth performance at the Strand), seems likely to be continued by his latest musical play just tried in the provinces. This piece is one of the group of "Smart Set" plays lately announced in *The Sketch*, but, in order to prevent confusion, this one has been re-named "The West-End; or, The Doings of the Smart Set." In the writing of the book and lyrics, Mr. Dance has had the assistance of Mr. George Arliss, author of the last new piece Mr. Charles Hawtrey produced, namely, "There and Back," and the music is by that melodious composer, Mr. Edward Jones, musical director of the Duke of York's. "The West-End" went splendidly and without a hitch on its first-night, most of its rollicking songs (two or three of which are by Mr. Boyd Jones) being heartily encored. Although the plot, as is usual in this class of musical mixture, is not overburdened with story and incident, yet "The West-End" contains much more material than some, and a pretty little love-interest meanders (to adapt Sheridan's famous phrase) through a meadow of merriment until the nowadays indispensable millionaire of musical play arrives to put things right. "The West-End," both on its tour and when it comes anon to London, may be safely prescribed as an antidote to all attacks of pessimistic depression.

Covent Garden Theatre, now minus its operas, is being turned into a beautiful resort for those who delight in Fancy-Dress Balls. Messrs. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth are not only preparing splendid prizes for these dances, commencing next Friday night, but they are also having the vast stage and auditorium-floor turned into a Japanese Fairyland.

To Kennington Theatre last Monday (for the first time out of the West-End) Mr. George Edwardes sent his Principal Company with the latest musical-comedy success, entitled "A Country Girl," direct from Daly's Theatre. In the cast are Miss Maidie Hope as Nan, Miss Annie Purcell, Miss Octavia Barry, and Miss Winifred Leon, also Mr. S. Barraclough, Mr. Leedham Bantock, Mr. W. J. Manning, and Mr. Frank Danby. A full chorus and augmented orchestra is provided, and a photographic memento of the play will be presented to each member of the audience in all parts of the house. Following this, Mr. Robert Arthur has arranged for a week's visit of the original Savoy Company in "Merrie England," exactly as played at the Savoy.



MR. MURRAY CARSON:

Photograph by Burrauld, Oxford Street, W.

other words, he will enact the fervid, not to say, fiery, Ruy Blas, in which that fine, impassioned actor, the late Charles Fechter, made his first and almost his last success in London. Mr. Waller's "Ruy Blas" adaptation is by Mr. Davidson the poet. If my memory does not deceive me, poor Fechter's was a translation for which Augustus Harris the Elder—father of the late Sir Augustus—was mainly responsible.

The next London theatrical changes will include the withdrawal of "Secret and Confidential" from the Comedy and the production there—to-morrow, Thursday—of a new comedy written by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton and entitled "The Wisdom of Folly." Misses Gertrude Kingston, Ada Ferrar, and Lily Grundy, and Messrs. Frank Cooper and Charles Groves, will play the principal parts in Mr. Hamilton's new comedy.

Mr. Murray Carson, the clever playwright and actor, is, in conjunction with Mr. William Greet, taking over the management of the Adelphi Theatre, to produce a "Captain Kettle" play. Mr. Carson is too well known to need any description, for as part-author of "Rosemary," as producer of "The Vagabond King" (in which he played the chief rôle with great distinction), as joint-author with Mrs. Craigie of "The Bishop's Move," the successful piece now running at the Garrick, and in many other ways, he has made himself one of the prominent figures of the stage world.

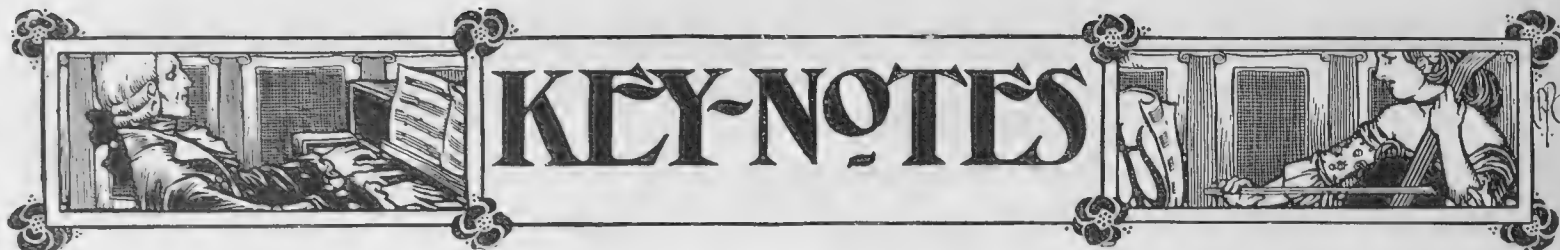
Mrs. Langtry is, just before starting for London, producing at Manchester a new play, called "Virginia." This play, although, like certain old-time tragedies of the same name, it smacks of Roman interest, is really a comedy of modern interest.

From authoritative information received, I learn that the one of the two new musical plays selected by Mr. George Edwardes to follow "What Would a Gentleman Do?"—when that really lively play finishes at the Apollo—is the much-debated and sometime litigated about saucy play, "The Girl from Kay's," written by Mr. "Owen Hall" and set to music not by Mr. Sidney Jones alone (as has been stated), but by quite a group of popular composers. The other musical play which the most ingenious and ever-alert Mr. Edwardes has up his capacious theatrical sleeve is the one written by Mr. Paul Potter (adapter of "Trilby" and author of that unpleasant play, "The Conquerors"), and composed by Mr. Leslie "Florodora" Stuart. This musical play is at present called "The Type-writer Girl."

Speaking of "The Girl from Kay's" and "The Type-writer Girl," I have just received certain special information concerning quite a group of other "Girl" plays. These include "The Golf Girl," now being imported from America; "The Variety Girl," recently started on tour; "The Motor Girl," which Miss Louise Beaudet will presently produce; "The Sweet Girl," which keeps being promised at the West-End and the Suburbs; "The Up-River Girl," the score by Mr. Robert Coverley and the "book" and lyrics by Messrs. H. Chance Newton and Rupert Hughes; and "The Marriageable Girl,"



MISS KITTY LOFTUS ON THE ARGYLE MOTOR THAT APPEARS IN "NAUGHTY NANCY."



OF what is it possible to write this week in a column such as this save of the Sheffield Festival? Although there had been one before the famous Festival of 1899, it does not reckon among the greater musical achievements of the provinces. In 1899 we all suddenly awoke to the fact that in the Sheffield Chorus we had been brought face to face with something altogether extraordinary, something even unique in the art of choral singing. "Common Chord" will never forget the sheer beauty of tone, the absolute perfection of quality which was reached upon that occasion. The fame thereof went out into the land; and, lo and behold! here we are again with the second (I mean, the really authentic second) Sheffield Musical Festival to deal with as a musical adventure that is just now over.

This time, of course, expectation ran very high indeed. There could be none of the surprise of uncovenanted beauty. Everybody was alert; the Sheffield Chorus was expected to live up to the expectation which it had already aroused. In some respects it certainly fulfilled that expectation; in others it fell very distinctly below it. To confess the worst first, it must be recorded that the performance of "The Dream of Gerontius," upon which so many high hopes had been raised, was not the ideal thing we had most undoubtedly looked for. One chorus—namely, that assigned to the Demons and heard by the soul of Gerontius upon his passage to Judgment—was undoubtedly interpreted magnificently: nothing could have been better than the drama of the thing; to such a pitch of realism was the thing carried that at times alien sounds (as of wailing, mockery, and so forth) were introduced. It was an immense *tour de force*, and the Sheffield choir was well equal to it.



MR. E. RICKETT, OF THE GARRICK.



MR. VOUSDEN, OF THE STRAND.

THE MUSICAL DIRECTORS OF LONDON.—IX.-X.

In less dramatic and exciting work, however, of the same composition its achievement was most distinctly unequal. There was one moment when catastrophe seemed impossible to avert; had it not been for Elgar's own steadfast patience in conducting there might have been a sort of rough-and-tumble disaster which would have involved a re-start. At a Handel Festival, some few years ago, Mr. Manns did not hesitate, under very similar circumstances, to stop the performance, and to go back to the very beginning. Elgar endured the trial, and won his reward, for the end was really magnificent. Nevertheless, it gave a shock to one's feelings that there should have been the chance of a breakdown with the—Sheffield—Chorus.

The Sheffield Festival has been responsible for the production of certain novelties. Among these comes Dr. Henry Coward's "Gareth and Linet." Now, Dr. Coward is a man who has a particular influence in the North as a choral conductor. He has identified himself with the training of vocal organisations so efficiently that his name has become connected in some ways with the choral successes of many Northern choirs. Unfortunately, he is not so strong on the side of composition as he is on the side of choral training; and it is to be feared that not very much more will be heard of his "Gareth and Linet." It has musicianly touches, it is true; but he has striven so hard to do the ambitious thing that too often the strain ends in commonplace. The soloists (Madame Ella Russell, Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. David Bispham) did their best, and the chorus sang enthusiastically. But—Perhaps the work may be left at that. What physician of words will ever discover the real microbe of the Staccato But?

A partial disappointment—let it be owned at once that it was *very* partial—was also in store for an audience most eager to hear, under the ægis of this Yorkshire choir, Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius." There were times, it is true, when the thing seemed quite unsurpassable. The devils' chorus stands, for example, among these instances. Here was a *tour de force* that secured a perfectly amazing success. In less vital choruses, in work that did not demand the same alertness, the same immediate attack, the success was not so pronounced. A notable exception to this was the final chorus, "Praise in the Highest," which was splendidly—quite splendidly—sung. The soloists were Miss Muriel Foster, Mr. John Coates, and Mr. Frangcon-Davies.

Miss Muriel Foster really deserves a "Key-note" all to herself. Her singing throughout the entire Festival has been so beautifully vocal, so sincerely emotional, yet so restrained in act, that it would be difficult to overpraise the results of her efforts. Whenever she was tried she was not found wanting. Her method is most refined; her sentiment never comes within a hundred miles of sentimentality; and she has a peculiar vocal dignity that is very personal to herself.

Richard Strauss, that strange musical portent, provided some novelty, so far as England is concerned, by the production of his setting to Goethe's "Wanderer's Song to the Storm." It would, perhaps, be cruel to describe the work as sound and fury signifying nothing; but there really is a great deal of sound and fury, and it does not seem to be burdened with a plethora of significance. That Richard Strauss is a great musical genius it would be utterly frivolous to deny; but, with that acknowledgment, one may still be permitted to believe that this "Wanderer's Sturmlied" shows him in the somewhat unamiable light of a man struggling too anxiously after effect rather than beauty.

COMMON CHORD.

THE MUSICAL DIRECTORS OF LONDON.

It is now fully two years since audiences at the Garrick Theatre, where "The Bishop's Move" is steadily progressing towards its hundredth night, first became acquainted with the name of Mr. E. Rickett as the director of the orchestra and the composer of the incidental music which has been required for the various plays produced by Mr. Bourchier. Mr. Rickett is a Birmingham man, and was for ten years the organist in certain churches in that city, including the church of "The Messiah," which the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain attends when he is at Highbury. Deciding to come to London, Mr. Rickett obtained the office of conductor at the Métropole and brought the orchestra there to a great pitch of excellence, so that his migration to the West-End was inevitable.

It is now just over a year since that merry little play, "A Chinese Honeymoon," came to London to rehabilitate the fortunes of the Strand and to disprove the theory of certain wisecracks who gravely assert that certain houses are unlucky, quite oblivious of the fact that the public will go to any theatre, no matter what its situation, when it presents an entertainment that the public wants to see; while, conversely, people will not go to the most popular playhouse if there is a play which does not appeal to them. During the whole of this twelvemonth and more, the bright music of "The Honeymoon" has been conducted by Mr. Ernest Vousden, who is fortunate in being associated with so signal a success in his first London venture, for before he came to the Strand he was at Margate.



A Pioneer Motorist—On the Road and in the Air—Reliability Records—Tyre Trials—A Near Shave—Silent Broughams.

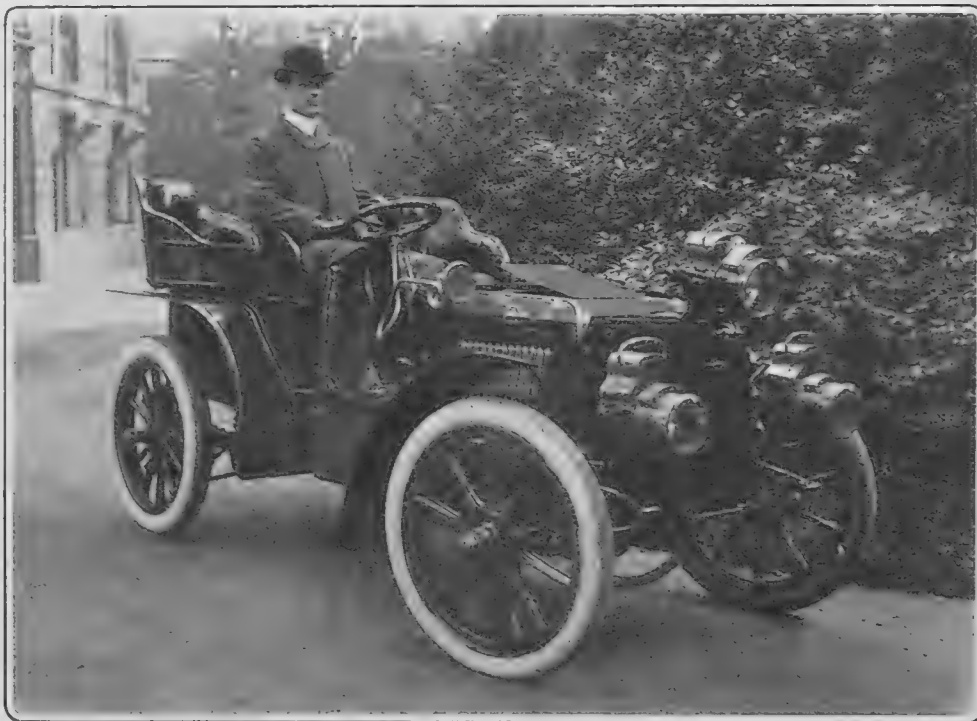
THE HON. C. S. ROLLS enjoys the distinction of being one of the earliest users of a motor-car in this country, for in his Cambridge undergraduate days he even ventured to drive an imported French car when their presence was illegal on English roads unless heralded by a person walking ahead waving a red flag. From the first days of the emancipation of the motor-car, Mr. Rolls has been continuously keen, both on the sport and now as a business-man running a large agency for the leading French makes and a commodious West-End garage. He came prominently before the public when their attention was first directed to the capabilities of motor-cars in the 'Thousand Miles' Trial of the Automobile Club in 1900, when the country was scoured in daily scampers, and it was almost invariably Mr. Rolls on his 12 horse-power Panhard who first reached the end of each stage, unpunctual in the sense of being several hours too soon, and he can now look back on that king among cars as being to-day considered under-powered even for a tourist.

Mr. Rolls, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to South Wales a year or two ago, initiated them into the pleasures of motoring, for they were guests of his father, Lord Llangatock, at The Hendre, Monmouth, an ideal centre for automobilism, and it is said that their Royal Highnesses revelled in the delightful sensation arising from being driven fast by a skilled artist at the game. Mr. Rolls, though a lover of speed, is a model driver, using that care and prudence without which speed is not merely imprudent, but fatal. His luck this year, however, was against him, for in the Paris to Vienna race as strange an event happened as could be imagined. Both tyres on one side of the car collapsed simultaneously, and, of course, all control was lost, and at high speed the racer and his car and his mechanic crashed into a tree. The tree was felled as by a woodman, and the speed-men were shaken but not hurt. Mr. Rolls has lately sought fame in the upper regions by joining the Aéro Club and doing a little ballooning with Mr. Frank Butler, and he hopes for an early chance of crossing the Channel, under gas, with the Rev. J. M. Bacon. Mr. Rolls has also displayed his versatility by writing on his favourite pastime, his chief contribution to the literature of automobilism being a closely reasoned, analytical chapter on the "Caprices of the Petrol-Motor" in the "Badminton Book of Motors and Motor-Driving," in which he shows himself as a somewhat flippant philosopher when he advises us not to let the starting-handle fly off and hit us in the chin, nor to trouble to turn on the petrol-tap if there is not any petrol in the tank.

The judges' markings concerning the recent reliability trials have been published before the Club Committee has had an opportunity of awarding the gold and silver medals for the first and second cars in each of the ten classes into which the competing cars were divided. The Committee may not award medals if the marks are not considered good enough in any class, but such medals as are awarded will be on the marks and not for any unannounced preferences. It is a splendid feature of these late trials that every mark deducted from the maximum available has a reason given with it accounting for such deduction, so that a study of the data on which the marks are given affords endless interest, instead of being merely a dull row of figures appealing only to the statistician. The car, for instance, which heads the list in the

total of marks received is the 10 horse-power Peugeot, totalling 3113 marks, followed by the 15 horse-power Panhard with 3089 marks; but that bald statement becomes much more interesting when the details are examined.

The Peugeot lost seven marks in the daily runs, the Panhard only one mark; but, when you look to the reasons, you find that five of the seven were for a puncture, which is not a fault of the car as such, and the other two for unskilled change of gear, while the Panhard's single mark was lost for a change of accumulator. So, too, in the hills the one car goes up at thirteen, the other at sixteen miles an hour, but the faster car gets fewer marks because it costs more in proportion to its power; and so on, all through the whole list of forty-nine successful cars, there is endless scope for comparisons and analyses, which makes the acquisition of the official report a veritable duty for everyone contemplating the delicate problem of selecting a car for his own use. He can arrange them according to price, to power, to hill abilities, to reliability, all at his own sweet leisure, and, if he elect to do so, can ignore the gross total and select on the score that he fancies suits him best.



THE HON. C. S. ROLLS ON HIS TWENTY HORSE-POWER PANHARD.

and the performers are finding themselves more tried and tired than the tyres. But it is excellent and valuable evidence in the cause of science.

A near escape from a curious accident happened the other day at a West-End garage—or motor-mews, if the French phrase is objectionable. An owner drove in on his 28-cwt. car, and was directed by the attendant to take his place upon the floor of the lift. As he proceeded to do so, the lift began to descend with the front wheels of the car resting upon it. Great shoutings followed, and, just in time, the attendants seized the brake ropes, stayed the descent into the pit, and drew up the platform, letting the driver back out from his position of peril.

Mr. S. F. Edge, of the Motor-Power Company, is bringing out a new model Napier brougham which is to be fitted with an absolutely silent petrol-engine for town work. There is a loss of power by complete muffling of the exhaust, but the feature of quietness is a desideratum of the highest importance, and the new type will run as silently as the electric broughams which are a feature of London life. Granting this—and I understand the engine is so silent that you have to look at the commutator to assure yourself that it is moving—the advantage of petrol over electricity becomes apparent in the extension of the limits of a journey between re-chargings, the ability to tackle big hills and to journey in the country as well as the town, and also in the reduced weight, which renders pneumatic tyres feasible.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Kempton Park—The Duke of York Stakes—Gambling—Apprentices—The Cesarewitch.

ONE of the most popular racecourses in the Metropolitan district is Kempton Park. The Management is right up to date; Mr. George Everett, Chairman of the Company, has been associated with the Sport of Kings for many years. He takes the liveliest interest in Freemasonry and in cricket. He is, and has been for years, a member of the Committee of the Surrey County Cricket Club. Another active Director of the Kempton Park Company is Mr. C. Greenwood, who, as "Hotspur" of the *Daily Telegraph*, gives the cream of racing information to the sporting public. Mr. Greenwood is the best reader of a race in England, and he has a wonderful memory. He is thorough, and it may not be generally known that he often devotes an hour in working out form in his attempt to spot the winner of a £100 Selling Race. Mr. Portman-Dalton, the Manager of the Kempton Park Club, is a well-known figure in London Society; and Mr. W. Bevell, the able Clerk of the Course of the Kempton Park Club, is the only man living who has ridden in the Derby as an amateur. The popular Secretary of the Kempton Park Company is Mr. Walter Hyde, one of the tallest men seen on a racecourse. He is a capable man of business, and, what is more, he is well versed in the art of keeping the Park and course in good order. The going at Kempton is always of the very best, the turf is sound and well-kept, and the stands and enclosures always look spick-and-span. The railway arrangements are perfect, and the covered walks from the station to the stands are a boon and a blessing in the wet season.

A good programme has been arranged for each day of the Kempton Meeting. The chief event on Friday will be the Imperial Produce Stakes of £3000. Ard Patrick made his debut in this race last year, and in 1900 Aida beat Volodyovski. I think this year the race will be won by Rabelais, if he can give the weight to Flotsam, who ran fairly well at Goodwood. Japan may win the Kempton Nursery and Sundridge the Richmond Handicap. There should be a big field of good-class horses for the Duke of York Stakes on Saturday. This race is run over a distance of a mile and a-quarter on the Jubilee Course, and, as the start is from the top of a hill, animals that act well on the Epsom and Brighton straight courses should do well here. Syneros, who ran well at Manchester, has been struck out, which leaves Volodyovski with a great chance, but it is said the Derby winner may be kept for the Cesarewitch. The ground at Kempton may not be soft enough for St. Maclou, and O'Donovan Rossa is hardly likely to stay the distance. I have heard good reports of Pekin. This colt was backed for pounds, shillings, and pence for the Derby, in which race he cut up badly. He has been taking kindly to his work, and is very likely to effect a surprise if he gets off all right. Cupbearer, if the best of John Porter's lot, should not be made a loser of. Up to now he has been an unlucky horse, but he looks like a winner. Robert le Diable, if started, should be supported, but I don't think he will be seen out before the race for the Cambridgeshire; besides, the stable would be represented on Saturday by The Solicitor or Preen. For the winner of the Duke of York Stakes I shall plunge for Dundonald, as I am told Darling has got the horse back to his best form. He is called upon to carry plenty of weight (7 st. 12 lb.), but, if fit and well on the day, he should win comfortably.

I have before now told of the huge sums risked on the Turf by giddy gamblers and professional punters. It therefore gives me the greatest pleasure to record the fact that we have many good men on the Turf who take the liveliest interest in the sport as a sport and do not indulge in betting to any great extent. I am led into this strain through meeting a friend at Newmarket last week who was highly delighted because he had won the large sum of one sovereign. The gentleman I refer to owns one of the favourites for the Cesarewitch—a likely horse that has been backed for thousands by the public, but I shall be surprised if the owner has more than his maximum (£10) on at the finish. All the same, he will derive the greatest pleasure from the victory of his horse if it comes off. Indeed, the animal referred to won a big handicap earlier in the year, when his owner had only £5 on.

I feel bound to return to this well-worn subject once more, as several correspondents think that the Jockey Club should pass a rule under which apprentices should receive some of the gains accruing from their successful riding. This is a really capital idea, and I, for one, shall agitate until the youngsters come by some of the spoils. According to the strict rules of the Jockey Club, a small fee only is charged for a winning mount and a smaller one for a losing mount. But it is well known to all racegoers—at least, those outside the pale of the Jockey Club—that trainers charge very high riding-fees and claim all sorts of valuable contingencies for the hire of successful apprentices. I propose that in every case the trainer should make a declaration of the amount he is to receive for his apprentice's riding-fee, and one-half should be put to the boy's credit at Messrs. Weatherby's, to be paid to him when he arrives at the age of twenty-one.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S RUSSIAN WOLF-HOUND "ALEX," WHICH DIED AT SANDRINGHAM LAST WEEK.

Several big commissions have been worked in connection with the Cesarewitch, and it is possible, in a measure, to now see which way the cat jumps. The wise men of Newmarket are divided in their allegiance between Elba and Prince Florizel. Of the first-named, I may state that my Newmarket man really thought her good enough to beat Sceptre for the Oaks. She ran well at Epsom, but was on that day quite fourteen pounds below Mr. Sievier's smart filly. Her defeat of Sceptre at Doncaster I take no notice of, as I think the St. Leger winner should not have been started in the Park Hill Stakes. If Sceptre were started for the Cesarewitch, plenty of people would be found to back Mr. Sievier's champion, and I think she would, if fit and well on the day, stay every yard of the distance; but she would have to beat some good-class handicappers to win, and, if I owned Sceptre, she would not be allowed to run, as she has many valuable engagements to fulfill in 1903. I do not think a Newmarket-trained horse will win the Cesarewitch. Of the country-trained animals, Carabine, St. Aldegonde, Rambling Katie, Scullion, Congratulation, and Seahorse II. are in best request. The last-named is a dark horse that is likely to go very close, and I hope I am not divulging secrets when I add that, from "information received," many of the Metropolitan and City "Roberts" have put their money on this horse. Mr. John Collins still fancies Carabine very much, and Mr. Goodchild thinks Scullion has a chance second to none. Next week I shall have my last say on the race. In the meantime I hope to find the winner.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

WITH the recurrence of our own familiar enemy, the nipping, uneasy east wind, come the comforting actualities of cosy firesides, snug winter garments, luxurious furs, and other alleviations of our Northern climate. But, though every woman in the Empire will procure herself a winter gown, a fur boa or tippet, a smart, seasonable hat, and other externals in suitable sequence, it is astonishing how the most necessary item of all—to wit, warm woollen under-clothing—will be omitted from the winter list of inevitables. In and out of season the doctors preach the cult of soft, warm undergarments to ward off the perils of colds, coughs, rheumatism, and other unpleasantnesses which are the direct result of our monstrous climatic conditions. Still, many go on with their eyes shut to the dangers of cotton under-clothing in winter, and yet are surprised at all the ills that subsequently visit them. Woollen “under-things” are so frequently irritating to sensitive skins that it is useful to know of some “smooth-finished” *dessous* which will neither shrink nor scrub. The “Hendawick” under-clothing, to which I have recently been introduced, does neither. It is made both for men and women. Some kinds are of wool and silk, some of wool only. All are admirable and should make the name of James Henderson and Co., of Hawick, blessed. Their speciality seems to be the ideal material which we have all been looking for ever since we first felt the necessity of warmth.

I do not know if anyone except a grocer goes to the Grocers' Exhibition, but it would appear that the great Nestlé, whose artistic and amusing advertisements of tinned milk so enliven our London hoardings, excelled himself at that Convention by the erection of a

adorned the Nestlé exhibit, while a revolving electric-light, with the legend of the great milkman's name thereon, informed all and sundry where the *doyen* of the Exposition was to be discovered.

Another excellent liquid which comes from abroad, and of which I am at the moment reminded, is Chartreuse, and though in no sense



[Copyright.]

THE FASHIONABLE SHAPE OF COAT FOR AUTUMN.

real Swiss chalet, coming all the way from Interlaken. Of the verisimilitude of this erection there was no doubt, and it seemed a pity that its attractions should be confined only to the ever-useful but limited audience of the Grocers' Exhibition. Cow-bells, native milk-pails, and all the picturesque local colour of incomparable Switzerland



[Copyright.]

COAT IN BLACK ZIBELINE TRIMMED WITH CHINCHILLA.

“as mild as milk,” it owns other potent attractions and especially commends itself to appreciative attention with the advent of chilly winter. When at La Grande Chartreuse a few months back, I was struck afresh with the romantic history of this monastic nectar, and whenever an episcopal butler now inquires whether “green or yellow” Chartreuse shall be my portion, one seems to see the hunger-stricken monks of '49 who concocted this ambrosia with the aid of Alpine flowers, and went on famine-fare in their high-pitched monastery until the fame of their liqueurs was spread abroad by some friendly wayfaring soldiers.

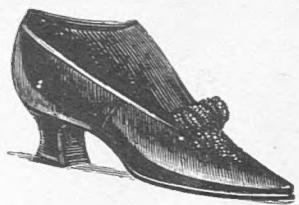
Besides the Chartreuse itself, an “Élixir Végétal” is also made at the Monastery which ranks highly as a heart- tonic and restorative, not to mention its long-known efficacy in sea-sickness, of which those who have used it cannot speak too gratefully. Of all the liqueurs with which this generation consecrates its after-dinner coffee and cigarette, Chartreuse is surely the chiefest, and the earth should lie lightly on the mountain-graves of the good men who make it.

The inventors of fashions are wise in their own generation but wickedly disconcerting to others, inasmuch as the constant struggle to look smart in garments of even quite comparatively youthful age is as constantly marred by the insidious introduction of up-to-date details which no process of disintegration or overhauling in older possessions can conceal from the initiated. Take the shape of our last year's furs, for example. Could anything be farther off from the latest cry in this? And yet sable and ermine are expensive matters which cannot be chopped up and changed about as if they were so much calico per yard. Yet fashion and our friends equally demand that we shall

wear nothing that is not absolutely of the newest. Truly we have fallen upon extravagant days, and our mothers and aunts are not half thankful enough for being young in times when a shapeless sealskin sacque did duty in its own unmitigated ugliness from one season to another for quite ten years, and when it would have been considered a wild and reckless idea to alter its unlovely shape twice in a decade. What Russian sables are to cost this winter only the millionaire knoweth. I saw one of those long, lovely "stoles" this week which had really come from the great fur fair at Nijni Novgorod, and it had cost £350 sterling.

Poland's, the great Oxford Street furriers, have the most entirely enviable fur garments and furs of all sorts this winter, and their prices really seem most moderate for what they give, as nothing shoddy ever gets shop-room there. They have an immense collection of fox-skins, which are again to prevail—white, silver, blue, black, and brown, all made up into ravishing muffs and tippets and boas and hats and what not.

Another important part of our "altogether," and one to the importance of which Englishwomen have but recently awaked, is the



EMBROIDERED EVENING SHOE AT THE AMERICAN SHOE COMPANY'S.

boot and shoe question. For long years our footgear was a fearsome thing, and while our Transatlantic and Gallic cousins went gracefully in glacé kid or otherwise, we Britons were the ridicule of continents. A noticeable change set in, however, with the domestication of the American Shoe Company in our midst, while the rapid popularity which their various shops have attained over here shows that the great British public knows a good thing when it sees it, and is, in fact, more often left waiting than found wanting. However, for smart American *chaussures* we no longer wait, and the sketch of an evening-shoe which accompanies this panegyric illustrates quite aptly the *chic* of the American foot, which the most rabid patriot cannot deny to be an altogether superlative article.

SYBIL.

The marriage of Mr. Jack Clark and Miss Florence Mary Hart, eldest daughter of Mr. W. A. Hart, M.V.O., the popular District Superintendent of the Great Western Railway at Paddington, will take place at St. Stephen's Church, Westbourne Park, on Tuesday, the 28th inst., at 1.30 p.m.

Next Monday there will be produced at that historic, ancient melodramatic playhouse, the Surrey, a new sensational melodrama, written by Messrs. Arthur Shirley and George Conquest, and entitled "The London Fireman." It is understood that several motor-cars will be forthcoming in connection with the working of this Fire Brigade drama.

"The Hôtel Cecil" is a beautifully printed little booklet whose title sufficiently explains its main purpose. In addition to information about and pictures of the enormous caravanserai so ably managed by Mr. Judah, it gives a variety of useful hints about sights to be seen in London, How to Get to Paris, where to stay when you arrive, rates of exchange, and so on.

Of all the cheery little ideas, as Sir Archibald Slackitt would say, the least cheery appears to be the converting of the French submarine *Goubet* into a pleasure-yacht. It is proposed to place this boat on, or under, the Lake of Geneva, and to provide tourists with the luxury of a submarine trip at prices ranging from half-a-crown to a sovereign. There is an element of risk about such an excursion which will, no doubt, appeal to many; and the possibility of remaining under water altogether is recognised by the promoters, who intend to include a life-insurance policy of a hundred pounds with each ticket.

French scientific men are always bringing out some new discovery in medical science, which, somehow, after being a nine days' wonder, usually relapses into obscurity. A French physician has now invented a cure for jealousy, part of which consists in a cup of coffee. It is to be hoped that the cure does not depend upon coffee, for that beverage is very largely drunk in France, where jealousy and the "crime passionnel" are everyday incidents. If the physician is correctly reported, there must be something amiss with France, as otherwise we should expect to find less jealousy in that country than in England, where coffee is not consumed in anything like such large quantities.

A few days hence—in fact, on the 16th inst., as at present settled—Mr. Frank Curzon will re-open the Avenue Theatre with a new play written by Mr. Frank Stayton and entitled "Mrs. Willoughby's Kiss." This play, which was tried a while ago in the country, will have among its principal players Messrs. Leonard Boyne, Scott Buist, George Bernage, A. E. George, Sidney Blow, and Misses Annie Hughes, Ellis Jeffreys, Nancy Clive, and Florence St. John. The scenery would seem to be chiefly connected with "rooms." For example, Act I. is laid in the Reading-room of the Grand Hotel, Plymouth; Act II. in a drawing-room in a flat at West Kensington; and Acts III. and IV. in the smoking-room of the same apartments.

THE HYDE PARK HOTEL.

"AND when the Prince looked out of one of the castle windows, he saw the people passing and all that was going on in the world; but when he came to another, he looked out on the trees of the forest and the green country." So we are told in one of the old fairy-tales, wherein magic castles were almost ordinary and fairy princes quite a matter of course.

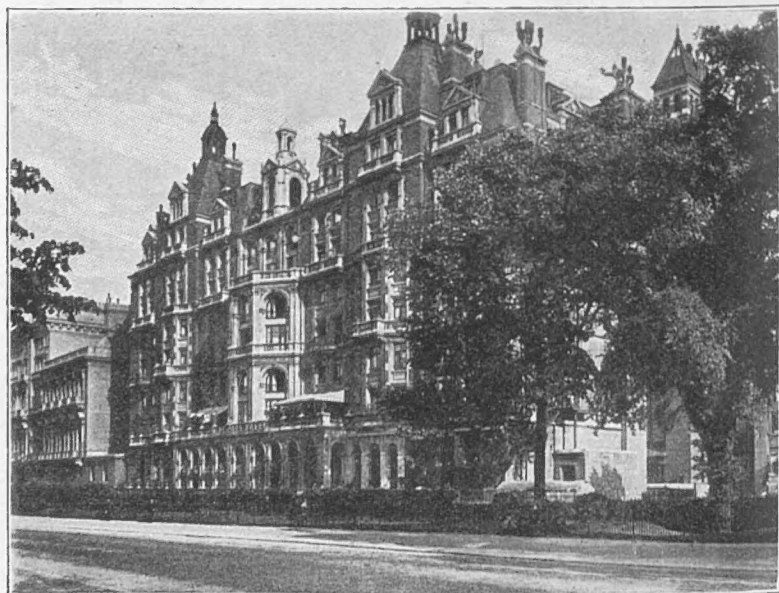
It was this particular castle with the magic windows that we thought of in the Hyde Park Hotel. In front we saw the brilliant vista of Sloane Street, buzzing with the sounds of fashionable life and full of kaleidoscopic movement. The cross-stream of traffic up and down Knightsbridge included types of the whole life of London, from the cart of the coster to the carriage of the countess. This scene we viewed from the magnificent vestibule of the hotel.

Turning away, we were taken along lofty corridors, on the carpet of which no sound but the swish of silken skirts can be heard, and emerged on an open terrace, overlooking "the trees of the forest and the green country"—in other words, Hyde Park just before the afternoon crowd has gathered in force. The quietness was broken by the soft rolling of the pioneer carriages of the afternoon up and down the Row, the sound of a bugle from the barracks, and the dull roar of the Knightsbridge traffic. The terrace is open, and here tea is served every day, while the brilliant crowd in the Park increases, and the hum of horses' hoofs and the buzz of tongues float in as an accompaniment to the musical clink of tea-cups; and perhaps there is presently a deep hush, and the greatest lady in the land drives down the historic road, or an extra burst of talking draws all eyes to the carriage wherein the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales are seated.

From the upper floors of the hotel the view over Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park is probably unique, and the blue of the Serpentine amid this wonderful stretch of green makes it still more impossible to believe that one is in the centre of the smartest life in the greatest Capital in the world. For up here the pleasant sound of life is replaced by a beautiful quiet, and the airy, large rooms might be part of a fine country-house, with their quaint recesses and corners. The suites, which are of varying sizes, are quite complete and self-contained, with bath-rooms and dining-rooms. The latter are in communication with the hotel kitchens, so that a truly ideal combination of all the advantages of hotel and home life can be enjoyed. On the upper floors of the handsome building, the air, too, is quite fresh and countrified; and no one need dread a fire, for, in addition to being built fire-proof, and having unusually elaborate arrangements for the suppression of fire, firemen are stationed in every corridor at night, and each floor is provided with no less than four outside iron staircases.

For the care of the inner man, woman, or child who is fortunate enough to be staying at the Hyde Park Hotel, the services of a king among *chefs*, and an army of artists under him, make a substantial foundation on which such luxuries as a grill-room with special entrance from the Park, an outdoor restaurant for the hot weather that we still, with touching faith, believe in, an open terrace for tea, practically in the Park, and so on, are being constantly added to.

Colonial and foreign and American visitors cannot but be struck by the magnificence of the public reception-rooms on the ground-floor. The magic palace recurs again to one's mind as one wanders through the lofty chambers; and these rooms are quite distinct from the special



THE HYDE PARK HOTEL.

suite which London hostesses can secure for their balls, concerts, dinners, receptions, and suppers. These latter rooms, which are beautifully furnished in a glowing, rich, and (long-sighted management!) becoming red, have separate cloak-rooms, and an entrance from Knightsbridge all to themselves. For "sitting out" there is a great loggia looking out on to the starlit darkness of the Park.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 13.

THE BANK RATE AND THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

AS we anticipated, the Bank Rate was raised in the ordinary way, and on the ordinary day. In the Stock Exchange a certain number of people thought the upward movement would be only to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. now, and that the additional $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. would come in a few weeks, but, on the whole, it is better to make one bite of the cherry and face the inevitable at once. How rotten the Yankee position really is, none of us accurately know, but, unless it is worse than most people imagine, there is no reason to anticipate that the 4 per cent. rate will need a further increase, and if in a week or two this view begins to be generally entertained, operators will appreciate the good points of the situation, and by the New Year the monetary stringency should be considerably relieved.

Baring Brothers and the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank are about to offer for public subscription the new Japanese Loan, or rather, about £5,000,000 of it. The price of issue will be par, and the loan will be in "yen," at the fixed exchange of 2s. 1d., payable in gold. We hear that there is to be no underwriting, and already the nominal quotation is 1 premium. In all probability the issue will be well supported.

A strong tip is going round to buy Cordoba and Rosario Second Debentures. The issue is a six per cent. one, and the total amount is just over half-a-million. The report will shortly be issued, and very likely will not enable any of the arrears of interest to be wiped off, but it is expected that some proposal to dispose of these arrears by the issue of income bonds will be made, and the prospects of the Line for the current year are most promising. For those who are willing to buy a progressive bond with an accumulation of over twenty per cent. of interest due upon it, and to get it in the region of the sixties, there appears a very good prospect of making a substantial profit out of the purchase within a reasonable time.

THE YANKEE POSITION.

Wall Street and its Money Market are now the cynosure of all eyes in the world of finance. In light and airy fashion, the rates for money in America fluctuate between five and thirty-five per cent., usually settling down to something like normality towards the end of each week. But it may, perhaps, be taken that the worst of the Yankee "crisis" is over, and, if this be the case, other markets of the Stock Exchange are likely to benefit perhaps more in proportion than is the American section itself. The United States Treasury cannot always be counted upon to come to the relief of Wall Street whenever over-speculation brings about a semi-panic in the New York Stock Exchange, and financial authorities over here are shaking their heads at this continual need for Government intervention, the very principle of intervention itself coming in for criticism as sharp as it is deserved. For a few days the Yankee Market attracted a certain amount of British attention, and a good many shares were bought when the little crisis raged, but these shares quickly went back into American hands as soon as the purchasers saw a few dollars profit on them. It may be said that the open account in Yankees is smaller than ever, and certainly the events of the last few weeks offer to the speculator who works on something more than sheer luck no temptation to operate.

KAFFIRS CREEPING UP.

Dividend declarations and solid work put into the mines must tell in time, and the South African Market is beginning to recognise that prices present a fair scope for an advance. Although the labour difficulty appears to be growing more acute than ever, the monthly returns from the mining properties go on with a steady persistence which affords a good augury of what may be expected when the trouble is laid to rest. Certainly it cannot continue for ever, and, equally surely, the solution of the difficulty will give an enormous impetus to the output of the Transvaal. A work of time, perhaps of infinite patience, this settlement of the native question must necessarily be, but the Mine Managers have not so far tried the most simple, most potent solution of all—to wit, the restoration of the scale of wages to the same level as it was before the War. It is all very well tinkering at the question in the way of paying the natives by piecework, a scheme which it will probably take months to get into the comprehension of the average Kaffir. More is necessary, and we are astonished that more money is not offered, unless, of course, it is not to everybody's interest that the mining industry should go ahead too fast, with its consequent activity in the share-list. But, judging

from appearances, the Kaffir Circus is in as healthy a state as could be wished for, and any resumption of business on a moderate scale would quickly put prices better in all directions.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

The Jobber had pulled the communication-cord and brought the train to a standstill because he happened to have dropped his hat out of the window. There had been a little scene with the guard.

"It's worth the five bob, anyway," remarked the possessor of the headgear, as the train started once more. "New yesterday," and he thoughtfully stroked the furry-looking article.

The Broker looked on with an air of nonchalant amusement. "It may have cost me a big order," he observed. "I was to meet a man this morning to talk over the position of the Railway Market."

"Which Railway Market?" inquired The Engineer, laying down his paper.

"I think he is mostly interested in the Heavy things; Brums and Midland and Berwicks, you know. His difficulty is to decide whether he should sell them now at a heavy loss or buy more to average."

"How are you going to advise him?" asked The Banker.

"How do you think I ought to?" replied The Broker, with another question.

"It is a difficult position," returned the old gentleman, "a very difficult position. For myself, I confess to believing in the recuperative power of quotations in the Home Railway department, but it may be some lengthy period before the lowest levels are reached and the improvement commences."

"Prices are more or less dominated by Consols and the Money Market at present, aren't they?" suggested The Engineer.

"No doubt. And that forms the basis of my contention that, in time, Home Railway securities will throw off the depression which governs them now, for it is my experience that all financial affairs move in cycles—"

("On cycles, he ought to say," sotto-voce'd The Jobber.)

"—and that Consols will accordingly recover in due course."

"Oh, time-honoured and most hateful phrase!" exclaimed The Merchant, speaking for the first time.

"I think myself that things must go better," said The Broker, "and I don't think I shall advise my man to sell his stocks now."

"But what about buying more?" demanded The Engineer. "That is the point upon which we are most interested."

"If he wants to average, I shall not attempt to dissuade," was The Broker's guarded response. "Personally, I can't see where any rise in Home Rails can come from just at present. But you never know what's going to happen."

"And it's always best to be on the bull side of the hedge," put in The Jobber, cheerfully.

"You may get tossed and lose your money," continued The Engineer, still in metaphor. "My own pet tip is to bear Dover 'A' for all you're worth. It's bound to come off."

"There is always a sentimental something which prevents the price of Doras slipping back too far," complained The Broker, in an injured way.

"Been hit again, old man?" sympathised

The Jobber. "How many times have I not told you that you ought to stick to Kaffirs?"

"For goodness' sake, keep Kaffirs out of the question for one short morning, can't you?" irritably exclaimed the other. "Who wants to know anything about them?"

"There's one thing I should like to know about Kaffirs," said The Engineer, "and that is how to make a little money out of them between now and Christmas."

"You can do that just as well in other markets," retorted The Broker, who was, apparently, in no good humour towards the luckless South Africans.

"Tell me how," was the challenge.

"Well, buy yourself some of the new Japanese Bonds. There's a safe two or three per cent. rise in them before the Special Settlement can take place, which won't be for weeks to come."

"But the Four per cent. Bank Rate," objected The City Editor.

"My dear fellow, no Four per cent. Bank Rate ever stopped speculation when once it got fairly under way."

"No," confirmed The Jobber. "What's a man care if he pays eight or ten or twelve per cent. on his Kaffirs so long as business is good and prices rising?"

"Confound your Kaffirs!" The Broker angrily cried.

"Sh, 'sh! This isn't the National Anthem," The Engineer reproved him.

"Well, why must we talk Kaffir every time we enter a train?"



THE BROKER LOOKED ON WITH AN AIR OF NONCHALANT AMUSEMENT.

demanding the other. Then, more quietly, he turned to The Banker and asked his opinion as to the general effect of a high Bank Rate upon business.

"I cannot say that I regard four per cent. as particularly high," said the Lombard Street authority. "I remember the time when it stood at six, just after the outbreak of the Franco-German War, and we had more business than we knew how to transact. Ah, those were great days!" and he leaned back in the carriage with closed eyes, as though to revive the pleasant business memories.

"What other things do you recommend besides Japanese Fives?" The City Editor was inquisitive.

"Argentine Government Bonds and Argentine Railway stocks," replied The Broker.

"Imperial Tobacco Preference," added The Merchant.

"Vickers and Armstrongs," were The Engineer's contribution.

"Baccy Prefs. have a rise of just eighteenpence a share in them," said the oracular Broker. "Vickers are too heavily capitalised, but Armstrongs look better value for the money."

"D'you want a cheap gamble?" asked The Merchant.

The Carriage answered with one voice.

"Oh, it's only a gamble," continued the tipster; "but I'm told that Crisps are going much better. The drapers, you know, in the Holloway Road. Concern went all wrong, but the Board are on the right tack now and mean to give more attention to profits than to prophecy."

"What price are the things?"

"The Ordinary and Preference are both quoted about six-and-six to seven-and-six, and I rather fancy the Prefs. myself. But it's only a speculation, of course. Don't blame me if you cover yourselves with Crisps and a loss."

"There's a crisp time coming, boys!" cried The Jobber. "Never goin' to be limp any more. Hurrah for Kaffirs!"

The Broker viciously kicked him as he rose to alight.

"Never mind, Brokie. Shows you shouldn't gamble. If you looked after your clients' business a little better you wouldn't have had time to sell those Rand mines on your own account the other evening."

The Broker jumped up and shouted at the retreating figure, "You cut your—"

"Loss," came back the last retort of the hero on the platform.

TOUTS AGAIN.

We should hardly have thought times were lively enough for the touting fraternity to carry on active operations, but the doings of L. D. Gardner and Co., E. R. Holden and Co., the British Investors Underwriting Corporation, and others of a like kidney, make it high time to raise a word of warning. Messrs. Gardner's circular sending round the prospectus of the United States Sulphur Reduction Company, with an offer to sell 50,000 shares at par (that is, 4s. 2d.), and informing the world at large that they intend to hold the remaining 50,000 for a rise, "which we do not fear to predict will reach 50s. per share within eight months, and pay dividends of at least 20 per cent. to 40 per cent.," would be suspicious enough, but, backed by the fact that they are willing to guarantee the purchaser against loss, so that, as they say, "with this undertaking in his hands, it not only makes the investment a safe and certain one, but also gives the opportunity of participating in the rise in the value of the shares, without the possibility of any loss," there can in the mind of any sensible man be only one word to express the whole affair.

Saturday, Oct. 4, 1902.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 108, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOSEPH.—We think well of the shares; at least, for the next year or so. They are not exactly the sort of thing to sleep on.

R. E. J.—The so-called Bank is a money-lending, bill-of-sale sort of concern. The security is as good as you are likely to get considering the rate of interest offered.

Miss T.—You really should look at the note at the head of this column before

writing to the City Editor as to Herbal Pills. By no stretch of imagination can this sort of thing be said to refer to financial subjects.

ALPHA.—See last week's "Notes" and the answers to "F. S." and others in that issue.

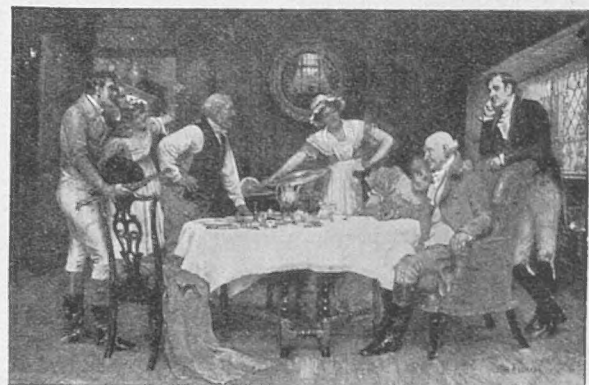
H. H.—Assuming you meant the shares of a concern called "The Proprietors of Matabeleland, Limited," we do not advise purchase.

A. R.—We prefer Bodega, Lever Brothers, and Pears of your list, but think you would do better to divide your money equally between Lady's Pictorial Pref., Central Argentine Railway Ordinary, and the Lever Brothers. See this week's "Notes" as to Cordoba and Rosario Second Debentures.

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